

The Australian

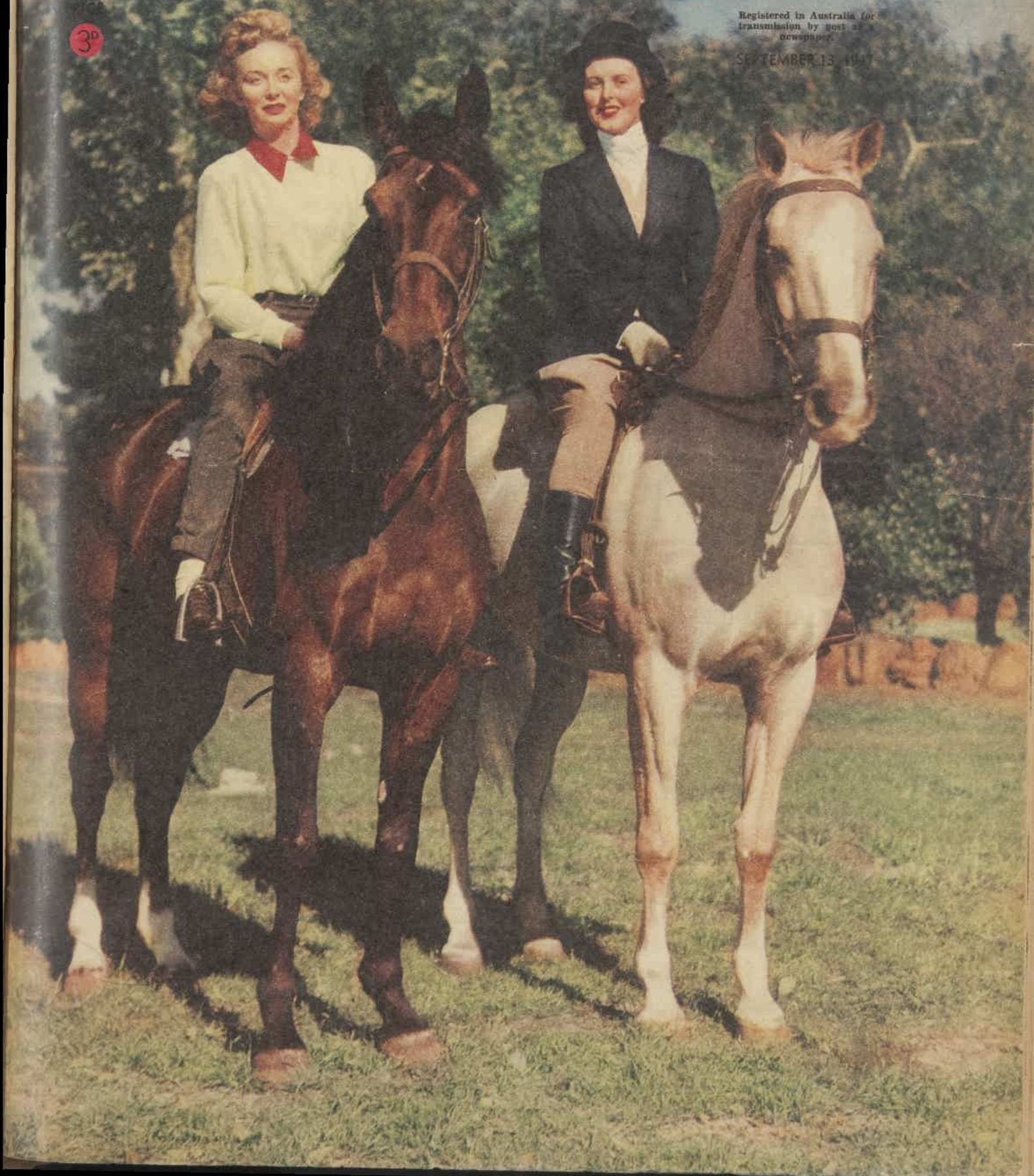
Over 700,000 Copies Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

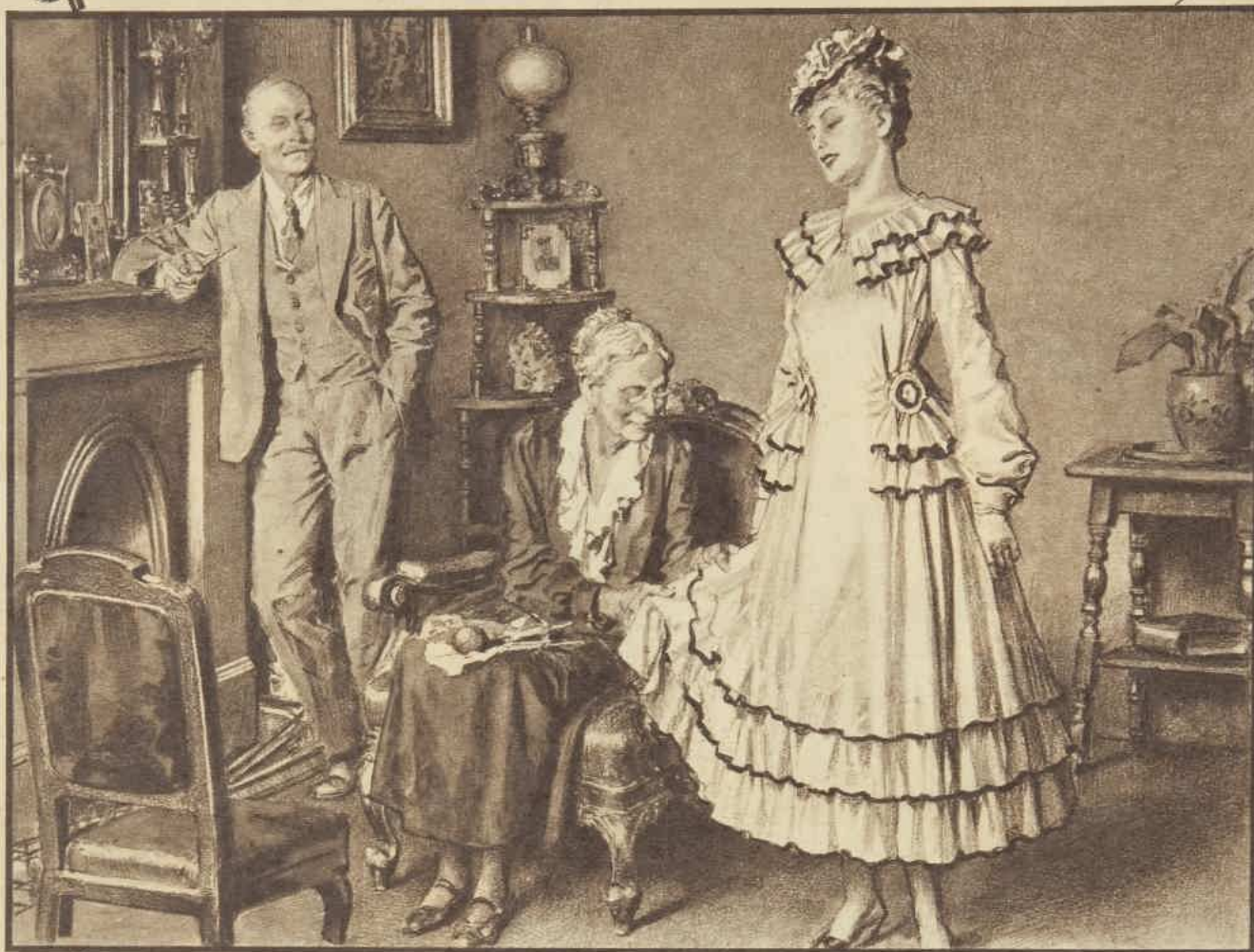
3^d

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

SEPTEMBER 13 1947



Threads from the loom of time



72

RAYON GAINS PUBLIC ACCEPTANCE

PREJUDICE dies hard. It took a world war to popularise home-produced woollen cloths in Australia, and it took nearly two decades to make rayon acceptable to the public as something more than a novelty.

In the 1920's fashion helped Courtaulds to create enthusiasm for the new textile material. Women's clothes grew lighter and shorter, and lower prices brought the new rayon within the reach of all, so that lovely fabrics became part and parcel of the daily lives of millions.

Courtaulds

the largest rayon manufacturers in the British Commonwealth

Distributors overseas of Courtaulds Fabrics : Samuel Courtauld & Co. Ltd., London, England.

Distributors in Australia :

VICTORIA - - - SAMUEL COURTAULD & CO. (AUST.)
(HEAD OFFICE) PTY. LTD., Qualeta House, 175 Flinders Lane,
Melbourne.
QUEENSLAND - - ERIC B. MILNE, 172 Edward St., Brisbane.
SOUTH AUSTRALIA - K. T. FLINT, 178 Rundle St., Adelaide.

N.S.W. - - - SAMUEL COURTAULD & CO. (AUST.)
PTY. LTD., Broughton House, 181 Clarence St.,
Sydney.
WEST AUSTRALIA - A. C. MACKIE,
Economic Chambers, William St., Perth

Distributors overseas of Courtaulds Rayon Yarn and Staple : Lustre Fibres Ltd., Coventry, England

Distributors in Australia :

N.S.W. : Vance & McKee Pty. Ltd., 235 Clarence St., Sydney. VICTORIA : Vance & McKee Pty. Ltd., 40 William St., Melbourne, C.1.

4180

The BROOCH

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
9 SEP 1947
NEW SOUTH WALES



"I was thinking how it would be if you could keep a day like this forever," Enid said shyly.

AT last the ring of hovering women drew away, leaving Enid alone before the mirror, a misty bride with eyes like dark lakes.

"Something new," her mother said. "Well, you're all new, really."

"Bliss" offered Aunt Agatha. "The delphiniums—aren't they lovely? And old—let's see—"

"My grandmother's necklace," her mother suggested. "It's the oldest thing I can think of and it would be lovely with her dress."

Enid unlocked the leather jewel-box on her dressing-table. The necklace lay wrapped in tissue-paper on the upper tray. But she did not remove it. Suddenly she knew exactly what she wanted.

She had kept it for years, the fragile antique brooch of bitter-sweet memories and long, long thoughts.

Enid's thoughts flew swiftly back across the years. She was seventeen then, and looked in some ways even younger than that. Slight and pliant, with her fair hair bound in a ribbon at the nape of her neck. Yet something about her had seemed to set her apart from the others at school and university, careless girls all of a pattern, round-shouldered beneath their burden of books.

There were times when, in the centre of a noisy crowd, she grew suddenly detached and apart, regarding them with critical eyes as though she had long ago outgrown their foolishness. She knew only that it was becoming a hungry need to be sometimes alone, to walk and savor things.

There were pleasant walks around her country-situated university, one

to a lookout from which a wonderful panoramic view could be obtained.

It was here that, coming round the hairpin bend one autumn afternoon, she met John Sargent, one of the university lecturers.

Arms folded, he was leaning on the stone wall that skirted the steep drop. Seen from the side, his lean, dark face, with the strong jutting nose and the cap of fair, wind-ruffled hair, had an almost Viking quality. She had seen him looking intent and purposeful before, giving a lecture or cycling through the town.

Now he was alone, his face, as with most faces, was rather different from the one he usually presented to the world. It might have been grieving, or it might have been merely thoughtful.

Hesitantly, Enid stood, not knowing the etiquette for this accidental meeting in the remoteness of the hills. And then he turned and saw her.

"Hullo," he said, "Miss—"

"Carter," she said.

"Oh, of course," he said. "You wrote a paper on Anna Karenina."

She was surprised.

"It was twice as long as any of the others. That's why I remembered it."

She saw after a second that he was teasing her.

She laughed, and he said, "As a matter of fact, it was very good. I had a feeling you'd enjoyed doing it."

"Well, I—I loved the book. I don't think I've ever read anything so beautiful and sad." And she amended self-consciously, "That sounded silly, I suppose."

"Why? If that's why you liked it, be honest. Don't let study make you an intellectual snob, whatever you do."

There didn't seem to be any answer to that, and they stood silently looking out over the low stone wall.

Suddenly Enid became aware of his glance upon her, and he explained, curiously, "I was just wondering why you were looking so abstracted."

"I was thinking," she said shyly, "how perfect this day is. I was thinking how it would be if you could keep a day like this forever, just the way it is. And if you could

By BELVA PLAIN

be sure not to miss anything there is on earth, to see and hear everything beautiful and be everywhere at once—"

"Yes," he said, "I know. There is so much in the world and so little time." He was still a moment, and then, with a little smile, remarked, "But you needn't start worrying about time, yet."

She thought, he can't be more than thirty himself. And she said, "Except being on time for dinner. They're awfully strict about that."

They went on down the hill, and as they reached the foot of it he surprised her by exclaiming: "Here's Johnny. My son."

For some reason she hadn't thought of him being married or having a child, yet here was his son, a small boy of six or seven in a dark

red sweater, racing down the road with a lively spantel at his heels.

"Hullo, dad!" he said.

"Hullo, son. Johnny, this is Miss Carter."

"Hullo," said Enid, holding out her hand. He was a brown, merry little boy, so exactly like his father that she couldn't help exclaiming over it.

"But you're exactly alike!"

The little boy grinned engagingly. "Everybody says so," he assured her with pride, and it was at once plain that he adored his father. And then suddenly, quite formally, "This is my dog, Taffy," he said.

"He's sweet. And just like our Bruce at home." Impetuously Enid bent to the dog and then, looking up, found John Sargent smiling at her.

"You know," he said, "your hair—it matches Taffy's."

They laughed, and then John Sargent took his son by the hand and walked home. For just a moment Enid stood looking after them. In a way she could not have explained it was warming to see them together, the young man and the little boy and the dog.

Afterwards she wondered how things would have happened if there hadn't been a storm that Saturday. She had gone to a dull film in town with her friend Lily and left early. They came out under a leaden, darkening sky. The trees creaked above their heads in the torturing wind as they sped up the empty road.

Suddenly the sky opened and a livid chasm of rain came. It came

in sheets and there was no shelter from it.

"Look," Lily cried. "It's Mr. Sargent, isn't it?"

They had scarcely noticed the low white house behind a screen of trees and shrubs.

"Come over!" he called, booming against the storm, and they ran to where he held the door open, and stood panting and dripping in the hall.

"I heard the crash," he said, "and then I saw you. Why didn't you come in before?"

From the rear of the house Taffy came yapping, and then a door closed upstairs and a woman came down, a youngish woman with brown hair in a knot and a pale face.

John Sargent introduced his wife. "These are two of my students, Laura," he told her.

The woman acknowledged the introduction without enthusiasm, and he added quickly, "I suppose you'll both just have to wait until this is over. Let me hang up your things, and perhaps we can have some tea, Laura?"

He took them into the little drawing-room, which was cluttered with gold medallions on ugly maroon wallpaper and too much bric-a-brac. But the coals were glowing in the fireplace, and Enid stretched out her hands towards their warmth.

"This makes me realize how I've been missing home," she said.

Mrs. Sargent brought tea and some plain biscuits. "That was exactly what I needed," Lily said pleasantly. "I was practically congealed."

Please turn to page 17

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

By NANCY SHORES

THESE was the park, and there was his street and the taxi was turning into it. He was coming home, after two years in the diplomatic service, but he wanted to put it off for a little while.

He stopped the taxi and paid off the driver and walked over to a seat in the park and sat down.

The truth was, he didn't want to be home at all. Yet he couldn't just sit here, while Joss waited for him, up in that incredibly beautiful, incredibly neat flat.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Forrest. Flat by Keene and Frost, interior decorators to the rich, the correct people who lived their life in pretty patterns. Now it would start all over again. Joss Forrest the beautiful Joss. Not a hair out of place, not an expression on her face, not a wrinkle on her soul.

Drew Forrest heaved his six-foot length up on to its feet and strode across the grass. He was home, and he felt as if he were going to prison. True, the prison was pale satin and deep carpeting and cool color, but there wasn't a place where a man could lean back and put up his feet and let his spine relax.

Queer how a man's mind worked: all he'd thought about for years was Joss. And it hit him with a queer hard shock that Joss was Jocelyn Forrest—Mrs. Andrew Forrest, with the perfect flat, the perfect life, the perfect way of living. He went into the hall and thought about how much he didn't want to go upstairs.

But finally he pushed the automatic button and got himself inside the flat, and it went up as always, floor by floor, and finally it was the top floor and that was where they lived.

He took the key out of his pocket—the key that had been his talisman—and he opened the door and went into the small lovely foyer with its dark green walls and white plaster and long-stemmed tea roses. It was just the same, and involuntarily he closed his eyes. Just the same. He grinned wryly.

The trouble with him was that he wanted a fried-steak-and-onions wife, and he'd got a girl hung round with long-stemmed tea roses.

He went into the sitting-room, with its remembered pastel-shaded upholstered furniture. Every chair stood in its correct place, rather like good little girls at Sunday school.

Drew went on into their bedroom, with its wide bed and huge mirrors. He let his suitcase drop with a thud—there was nothing in it he wanted. He wanted the feel of a hot bath and the heavy, comfortable touch of old tweeds.

His dressing-room was just as it had always been, the wide dressing-table backed with ancient, black glass bottles. He knew without looking that the contents of each one had been replenished.

With the hot water soaking into his flesh, he wondered where Joss was. It was tea-time. Where were the people who customarily infested the Forrest abode?



"Hullo, Big Boy," Drew said, as the cat came in through the window.

Where was Eleanor, the slim, rather tragic wench with the poisonous tongue and the entourage of fatuous men? Where was Ben, who spoke of politics as some housewives speak of recipes, lovingly and often? Where was Jeremy, the medium-sized cad who knew which side his bread was buttered? Where was Joss?

He dragged a bath towel from its heated rail, wrapped it round his lean waist, and shook himself irritably. He was hungry. That was it. Where were Minny and Henry, who used to cook and clean for them? He'd go out to the kitchen himself.

The kitchen was like a great many kitchens, an afterthought on the part of the architect. It was a dark hole, and Drew went out there muttering. The results were ambiguous: either nobody was living here or the food was poor. No cold meat, no salad, no sweet of any kind in the refrigerator. Drew turned on the light and looked again.

It must have been a signal. Immediately a something thrust its head through the window, gave him a dirty look, and propelled itself through. It was—at first glance—a cat. And what a cat! It was a sort of dark grey, almost black beast, with its markings in dissonance, completely unassorted, and it had a permanently drooping ear.

Drew stared at the apparition, fascinated. He said, "Hello, chum, you look just as I feel. Come on in."

Here was a bloke fresh from the wars. He must have been pretty tough in his day! Drew put out his hand in an awkward tribute. The cat, lashing his tail, gave him a salute of a raking claw, and Drew pulled back. A fighter obviously.

He grinned. He said, "Joss wouldn't like this, you know. But I've got a tin of sardines in my case, and she need never know a word about it."

He padded back to his suitcase and opened it and noticed that the gladiator was still at his heels. It was a silent and one-sided companionship. He brought the sardines back to the kitchen and got them out of the tin and watched the fighter eat them.

It was quite a cat, an old, tough warrior, with plenty of wars to his credit. Its credit, Drew felt better. Cats fought, too. Men fought.

The cat went on methodically licking round the sides of the sardine tin, and Drew watched him. This really would annoy Joss, it certainly would.

He thought: If this were a man,

I could talk to him. But this is a cat, of sorts, and quite a person, but he doesn't speak English or any other language.

Drew scrambled some eggs and gave the cat most of the milk he found in the refrigerator, and sat there and brooded. How could you be angry with a wife who wasn't there?

He sat there for a long time, and after a while the lop-eared cat got up on to his lap and washed his

triangular face with a large and business-like looking paw and then turned and scrutinised Drew.

Drew sneered at the cat—and then thought better of it. He put his own lean, long hand on the cat's battle-scarred flanks and was astonishingly rewarded with a ripe and resonant purr.

On Drew's flat thigh the animal managed to achieve a comfortable position and the resonant purr. Drew, naturally, was flattered, as any man would be. This was a cat who didn't take to just anybody. Drew relaxed and listened to the inordinate rhythm and enjoyed it. Nobody had made a fuss over him for a long time.

And then he began to notice things.

Please turn to page 21

The unforgettable Nile



The steamers that traverse the age-old course of the Nile are lavishly provided with modern comfort. Restfully at ease on shaded decks one glides back into the romantic past on a voyage of fascinating discovery. Frequent landings disclose scenes that have altered little with the passage of years, and imagination re-people majestic temples as they must have been in the proud days of their building. Travellers to Europe are afforded a rare opportunity of seeing for themselves the treasured records of Egypt's ancient civilisation. Special Tourist Visas, obtainable in the British Commonwealth, enable them to break their journey and enjoy a visit of unusual interest.

Always for the tourist, everywhere, is the cordial Egyptian welcome. Hotel accommodation has nothing to learn from the finest that the Western World can boast. . . . Golf, tennis, swimming, dancing—indeed, all the social events that make life worth living—provide a fascinating contrast to the glories of an earlier era.

Special Tourist Visas obtainable in the British Commonwealth and Empire. Full particulars from the usual Travel Agencies.

EGYPT

LAND OF ENCHANTING CONTRASTS

Why can't
my skin stay young and soft?

Blackheads, enlarged pores, blemishes need not spoil the charm of your complexion. Use Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream that actually penetrates deeply into the pores, dissolving and removing all traces of dirt and stale make-up.

You'll be delighted with your skin's refreshed velvety smoothness and beauty. Be sure of your complexion—make Daggett & Ramsdell's Cold Cream your Cream.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Vanishing Cream makes an ideal powder base. Make-up goes on smoothly, stays fresh longer.

Favourite for over 50 years with smart New York women.



DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

Perfect Cold Cream

At your favourite cosmetic counter.



ANNE POTTER returns from an afternoon outing to find in her living-room the murdered body of a girl who is a complete stranger to her. Later the girl is identified as ROSE GILMAN, photographer's model, and when it transpires that BILL POTTER, Anne's husband, had been meeting her secretly, INSPECTOR BRADLEY arrests him on suspicion of the murder.

Trying to clear Bill, Anne visits HOWARD GILMAN, Rose's husband. He denies all knowledge of Rose's affairs, and FAY LEWIS, who is with him, tells Anne that the person she should see is Rose's employer, JIMMY FERRIS, photographer.

At Ferris' office Anne encounters MANNY ZAK. Ferris himself is drunk, but becomes violently agitated at learning who Anne is, and Zak urgently warns her to go away and leave no address.

NOW READ ON—

THE warning didn't make sense to Anne. As she left Ferris' office and started down the corridor she knew only that the unaccountable fear she had felt was heightened. The closed, frosted-glass doors of offices were suddenly forbidding.

She felt that if she turned and looked over her shoulder she would find Mr. Zak following her, softly. She did turn, and, of course, he wasn't there.

Ferris was drunk. Perhaps because he was upset about Rose Gilman. Probably Mr. Zak had wanted to get her out of there before the photographer made an unpleasant scene. She tried to explain it that way, but it wouldn't fit together.

If that were the explanation, why Mr. Zak's advice to "go away somewhere without leaving an address"? It had been a serious warning, she was sure.

The elevator door opened. The car was full of people. She got in and was inconspicuously grateful at being crowded and pushed. Here was safety.

Concluding
our engrossing
two-part serial

By HUGH PENTECOST

Safety from what, though? She asked herself this as she walked out on to the sunlit street. She had always felt fear and uneasiness in the presence of men who were drunk. Hadn't her normal revulsion been magnified by the whole situation?

But there was a contradiction in that; one she couldn't dodge. It was not the drunken Ferris who had frightened her. It was the cold-sober Mr. Zak.

Anne went into a corner cafeteria, got herself a cup of black coffee, and sat down at a table to think. Mr. Zak had made it clear that it was dangerous for her to go on with her investigation. He had hinted that already she had gone too far. Why?

Gilman knew nothing—was clear of suspicion. What about the girl, Fay Lewis? She had been frightened. Would Gilman's explanation of that hold up? Was Fay Lewis simply upset at the prospect of her relationship with Gilman being made public? Or did it go deeper? A jealous woman could commit a murder!

Her imagination conjured up a new train of thought. It was Fay Lewis who had suggested going to see Ferris. Gilman had concurred. He would try to protect his mistress, wouldn't he? Had they known that Ferris and Mr. Zak would try to frighten her off the trail? But if that were the case, wouldn't they have phoned Ferris as soon as Anne had left them?

She was sure that hadn't happened. Neither Zak nor Ferris had been interested in her until she mentioned her name. It was the name—Potter—that had made Ferris almost hysterical and had transformed Mr. Zak into that tightly coiled spring.

And then Anne remembered the telephone pad. She remembered Mr. Zak staring at it. She remembered his tearing off the top sheet, rolling it up, and putting it in his pocket. It was from then on that he had frightened her. What had been written on that top sheet? She had been alone in that room. If she'd had her wits about her she might have seen what was on the pad.

Still more, the weight of the writing might have carried through from one sheet of paper to the one beneath it. Perhaps if she could get the second sheet she could find out what had affected Mr. Zak so strongly.

But she knew she simply could not go back to the office by herself.

She got up from her table, went to a telephone booth, and called Inspector Bradley. He suggested amiably that she come and talk to him.

Bradley's office was bare and uninteresting: a flat-top desk and a swivel chair; a couple of plain oak armchairs; filing cabinets.

The detective was leaning back in the swivel chair, operating on his pipe with some sort of nickel-plated pipe tool, when Anne was ushered into the office by a uniformed sergeant. Bradley waved to one of the oak chairs.

Anne sat down rigidly. Bradley's mild grey eyes regarded her thoughtfully, with friendliness. But he didn't speak.

"I don't know why I'm here, inspector," Anne said.

"Well, let's see if we can't work it out," Bradley said, smiling.

Please turn to page 26

"I don't approve of amateurs playing detective," Bradley said reprovingly.

Be Seeworthy in a SCAMP

(Regd.)

"OLYMPIC" . . . for the modern water-nymph.
Action-styled from satin "Lastex" with quarter skirt
and uplift bra for a smooth figure line. Models
in a full range of contrasting shades.

*Rear figure — "Marina" — two-piece,
created from striped satin "Lastex".*

Scamp

In "Lastex" . . .
for the miracle fit
Created by Turnerschutes.



IT'S YOUTH . . . IT'S GRACE . . . IT'S SCAMP

THE CREAM JUG

By J. R. PHILLIPS

MY old man did not take me fishing that Sunday afternoon. Nor did Mum and Natalie indulge in their customary naps. Oh, no, Dad prowled the premises like a caged tiger. Mum and Natalie cleaned the house from the front step to the back door.

About half-past five they retired exhausted to their rooms, then emerged some forty minutes later looking as fresh and tempting as new cream.

Dad muttered to himself, "How in the name of heaven do you talk to a budding clergyman? . . . 'Why, how do you do, Mr. Singleterry? I hope you will find our modest home . . . Ugh!' He snorted in disgust.

The "budding clergyman" part was the trouble. My sister Natalie's latest heart throb was studying to be a parson. His name was Hugh Singleterry, he was coming to tea on Sunday, and Mum had asked my Dad to behave himself.

It seems a simple request. But you never knew Dad. He was a short, chunky, bristly little man with at times the disposition of an angel and at others the temper of the devil himself.

I suppose it was inevitable that he should misbehave this particular evening and thereby blight my sister's tender romance.

Hugh Singleterry turned out to be tallish and dandish. Neither plain nor objectionably handsome. He went into the backyard with me, took my football, kicked it a country mile, and then told me he'd played half-back at the University before entering the Theological College. He was a nice chap.

But Pate had stacked the cards—Pate in the shape of Mum's beloved antique cream jug. How my old man loathed that contraption. It was a little affair with a skimpy handle that my old man's blunt, stubby fingers could not begin to cope with.

As a result, the jug was forever slipping out of them.

Well, we were getting along all right until Dad attempted to move



"For two pins, Mary, I'd throw that wretched jug through the window!" Dad shouted.

the cream jug out of the way of his plate. Then it happened.

Out of Dad's desperate grasp flew the little jug. The cream splashed on to Mr. Singleterry's plate, and some of it shot up against the young student's chin.

Even then we might have made out all right had not my old man completely forgotten himself. He lunged to his feet, his face purple, and shouted what I had heard him shout a hundred times before: "For two pins, Mary, I'd throw that wretched jug through the window!"

And then Mum, too, forgot herself. She ran out of the room. She ran back. She laid two pins beside my old man's plate.

"I dare you!" she said. "I dare you!"

Dad came to himself. He sat down. He cast a furtive glance at Mr. Singleterry, and forced a chuckle that sounded like the quack of a dying duck.

"Quite a spirited little family we have, Mr. Singleterry," he said weakly.

"I can well imagine so," replied Mr. Singleterry.

He did not linger with us long after tea, and when he left Natalie

burst into tears. She said she loved him, and now he would never come back, because her father was a brute and her mother a vixen. She did a good job on Dad and Mum.

"All right," Dad said sadly. "I'm a mean and brutal man. My little girl despises me, but for her sake I will reform."

From that moment Dad was a changed man. He became as meek as skimmed milk. He no longer fished on Sundays; he went to church. Not one single swear-word passed his lips.

He even went so far as to weed Mum's flower garden and to bring her and Natalie their breakfasts in bed on Sunday mornings.

Life in our household became a soft, sweet chime. And Hugh Singleterry did come back. He was, in fact, under foot most of the time. Dad and Hugh would have long, quiet, refined talks, and all at once I hated Hugh, because I decided that he smugly considered himself the agent of Dad's reform.

I never let him kick my football again. It infuriated me to catch him narrowing his eyes and regarding my father as if he wondered why he was alive.

Once I overheard him say to Natalie, "I can't seem to understand your father. He—well, he seems frustrated to me."

I didn't know what "frustrated" meant, but I hated Hugh Singleterry more than ever. I was very unhappy, and, frankly, I don't believe Mum and Natalie were happy, either. My old man wasn't himself. He just wasn't any fun any more . . .

Then there came another night when Hugh Singleterry came to tea. While Mum and Natalie were in the kitchen, Hugh and the old man and I sat about on the verandah. Hugh tried to draw my old man out on politics. Then on sports. But Dad just sat there, silent and apathetic.

"You don't feel well?" asked Hugh Singleterry.

Dad didn't hear him. But I said, "No, he isn't feeling too good." Hugh looked at me and then at my old man, and there was a queer, disturbing gleam in his eyes. I hated him more than ever.

Mum called us to tea rather listlessly. Lately, Mum hadn't seemed to have much interest in life. We sat down to a meal which progressed mostly in silence.

Presently Hugh Singleterry looked around the table with that infuriating, superior gleam in his eye.

"Please pass the cream," he said suddenly.

Mum passed it this time, her slender fingers light and sure. Hugh Singleterry's fingers were slender, too, and should have mastered that tiny handle with ease. But they didn't.

I don't know—I never saw a glue-fingered half-back fumble on purpose. I just know that little jug shot out of Hugh's hands, bounced

a couple of times, and then over-turned in Natalie's lap.

Of course, Hugh was a budding parson. He didn't roar out "Damnation!" But he lunged to his feet, grabbed that jug out of Natalie's lap, and flung it right through our dining-room window. I can still hear the beautiful crash of breaking glass.

"Well!" Mum cried.

"Oh, my dress!" Natalie wailed.

"Well, I'll be—" Dad gasped.

"Sweetheart," said Hugh, "run upstairs and change your dress."

He walked to the foot of the table and left a kiss on my mother's forehead.

"You owe me two pins," he told her, "and I'm not going to pay for

that window!" Then he glanced at my old man and a look passed between them. If ever two men understood each other, Hugh and my old man understood each other then.

Two other looks were exchanged. Between Mum and Natalie.

"Isn't my Hugh something out of this world?" Natalie said, and Mum retorted, "Why, he's not even in the same class with your father when your father's at the top of his game!" They looked suddenly proud and happy, each in her man.

As for me, I was just sorry that it was dark and Hugh couldn't take me out and show me how to hold the ball when you wanted to kick it a country mile.

(Copyright)



"You brute! Only this morning, I polished that floor!"

See what you are doing in the dark—carry a flashlight whenever you want to move around at night without turning on lights and waking the family. That strong beam of light makes those steep back stairs safe. No risk of walking into spider webs on your way to the garage or outhouse. When you can see—you're safe. But re-

member, the batteries are as important as the flashlight. So make sure your flashlight is always working. Make sure that it's powered with Eveready dated flashlight batteries. Flashlight batteries must be fresh. That is why there is a date-line along the side of every Eveready flashlight battery. Look for the date-line.

For Adorably Smooth Hands

He'll fall in love with your adorably smooth, white hands . . . and you'll always keep them lovely soft with Pond's Hand Lotion. Every time you've had your hands in water and every night at bedtime, sprinkle on a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion.

Rich, concentrated Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin softener. You'll be thrilled how quickly hard-working hands respond to this simple Pond's care. At all chemists and stores.

POND'S HAND LOTION

P.S.—When bare ankles get rough and chapped with sun and wind, you'll soon get them smooth again by massaging with Pond's Hand Lotion.

What's Cooking?

Gravox

Delicious Gravy

Salts, seasons, thickeners and browns instantly

EXCLUSIVELY RELEASED IN AUSTRALIA BY AMERICAN SHOE CREATIONS PTY. LTD.

STARS OF HOLLYWOOD

DESIGNED FOR THE

Original
Ferncraft
Creations
Hollywood

Boulevard

Smile King

Ringlet

LOVE, FITNESS, BEAUTY

QUALITY GUARANTEE

OBTAINABLE AT
★ DENTS SHOES
★ FOSTARS MODERN SHOE STORES
★ HOWES SHOES
SYDNEY, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, NEWCASTLE.

COPYRIGHT



Holidaymakers put their backs into harvesting



SUNTOPS with shorts or slacks rolled to the knees are the favorite garb of British vacation workers helping to gather England's bumper vegetable harvest.

Making hay while the sun shines is vital need in British food crisis

From BETTY NESBIT in London

From the apple orchards of Kent to the potato fields of Lincoln in the north, an army of volunteers, brown as gipsies in the summer sun, are working to bring in England's most important harvest.

The economic crisis has made everyone conscious of the importance of every bean and pea-pod and every ear of wheat.

THIS summer 105,000 English men and women signed up to work on farms during their holidays, the top number to enlist in the Ministry of Agriculture's scheme, "Holidays with Pay."

All over the country they're making haystacks, stooking, picking, packing, hoeing, and weeding. Every little square of cultivated land has its group of workers.

The project was run successfully during the war, and now, because of growing food shortage, it is more than ever necessary.

To the volunteers—factory workers, students (some from France and Switzerland), typists, school boys and girls, housewives and office workers—the scheme has many attractions.

It can mean a cheap break in the country (with a good chance of making more than expenses), making new friends (the English, their customary reserve broken down by the communal life of the war years, really enjoy camp life), and, most important of all, increasing England's food supplies.

Everyone knows the winter will be a tough one.

But just for the moment it seems as though the weather for once is on England's side.

It is the best summer since 1940. It's so good that the farmers are leaving sheaves of wheat in piles to dry in the fields without stooking the sheaves (stacking them to allow the rain to run off).

And as the rain has so nobly kept off, the usual crops of weeds haven't meant extra work for the farmers. Once the weeds are dug up they die in the sun instead of getting a fresh lease of life with a shower of rain during the night, as they often do.

Not, of course, that the volunteers mind what they do in the way of work. Weeding is the most back-breaking of work, but it's all part of the job.

Before the war seasonal agriculture was usually done by gipsies and the unemployed who flocked from the slum areas to the country looking for work in the summer.

Consequently agricultural work wasn't rated very high in the social scale.

A respectable city dweller going off to the country to harvest, pick hops or fruit would have been regarded as slightly "odd" and certainly not very respectable.

But with food a No. 1 priority anyone working on the land has acquired a new dignity, and voluntary workers are praised both by farmers and the Ministry of Agriculture.

Volunteers pay 28/- weekly to stay at camps, of which there are 100 in England, mostly ex-Army camps.

Each day workers are sent out to the local farmers, who notify the camp that they need, for example, 20 people to pick beans, 10 men to harvest, 50 to weed fields.

They are paid 1/3 an hour, work seven hours a day and five days a week. This is well over the 28/-.

As a further inducement rail fares to and from their homes are considerably reduced, and therefore people in the south like to go north, and vice versa.

There are also vouchers for bicycles to be carried free of charge on the trains. After a day's work most of the campers go off on their cycles and explore roads and lanes that are as foreign to them as the Swiss Alps.

The first few days are fairly tough for untrained workers soft cityites.

For the first night or so they fall into their beds with tired backs, aching legs, and blistered hands. That's how it was with me when I went to stay at Oxted Camp, in Surrey, the county that was once London's playground, but which now is producing food on every inch.

After the first day in the field picking beans, I felt I never wanted to see a bean again.

It took me a while to learn that the best way to go along a row in straddle-wise, legs on either side of the row of plants. I tried picking in squatting position, sitting down, and whichever way I tried it made me tired.

On the subject of backaches I had plenty in common with four young girls picking alongside me.

These four all worked in the same factory in New Molder, Surrey, and they lived in the same street.

Seeing England

ALL the year Kath Ramsay, Margaret Spickett, and sisters Maude and Lily Hinson work in a factory which manufactures papier-mache figures and models. They make dummies for shop windows, grotesque heads for carnival figures, and they made the golden crowns which went to Africa for decorations on the Royal tour.

Last year Lily and Kath went to a camp at Norfolk, and liked it so much that they persuaded the other two, Maude and Margaret, to join them this year.

"If the scheme keeps on going," said Kath, "we ought to be able to spend all of England. We're going to see our holidays like this every year. It's ever so nice to get out into the country."

I discovered a fellow Dominante working alongside me on the beans, seventeen-year-old Philip Stevens, schoolboy son of Major-General W. G. Stevens, official secretary to the New Zealand High Commissioner.



BRITAIN'S vegetable crop looms larger in importance as the food crisis becomes more acute. This lass has her arms full of marrows.

Philip was having his school holidays; he is studying for a Bachelor of Commerce at the Polytechnic School in London.

"What made you come?" I asked him as we stopped working to share a stone bottle of cider which we had purchased at the local pub.

"I suppose it was the thought of coming from a land of plenty like New Zealand that made me want to help England, which certainly isn't a land of plenty just now," he said.

"But it hasn't been any hardship to be here. It's been great fun."

Everyone agrees on the "great fun" side of it.

Red-haired Beatrice Thompson, of Brentwood, Essex, enjoys life on the land so much that she has spent the whole summer travelling from one camp to another.

Each person is only allowed to stay three weeks in any one camp (since the demand for accommodation is so great), so Beatrice has seen a lot of camps.

At the end of the winter she had just finished her nursing training, and decided to help on the land while waiting to do a further course of midwifery.

In her work she has picked and packed lettuces, beetroot, beans, and

onions, planted and gleaned potato fields, made haystacks, and weeded.

"That weeding was really tough," she said. "The fields were full of thistles and nettles, and, believe me, nettles sting, even through gloves."

I shared my hut, furnished with 10 comfortable beds, with two broad-accented Irish girls, Bridie Long, of County Limerick, who is a domestic worker in a school at Bedford, and Josie French, of County Cork, who also works in Bedford; dark-haired and pretty seventeen-year-old schoolgirl Lillah Panton, of West Wymond, Kent, and her friend, Margaret Brown, a shorthand typist; and Doris Lilley, of Hendon, an assistant in a grocer's shop.

Good companions

TOGETHER we learned a lot about the land, swapped working clothes, and rubbed suntan oil into each other's backs. Mostly we worked wearing only shorts and sun-tops or slacks rolled up to the knees.

We appreciated the great luxury of hot showers which awaited us when we returned by lorry from the fields to which we had been sent.

After showering, dinner was served in the communal dining-hall to which we took our own knife, fork, plates, and mugs. The food was good, with an accent on meat, always thick slices of well-roasted beef or mutton.

After dinner we usually walked along the lanes, saw a film, or played darts and talked to the locals in the little oak-beamed pub in the village of Oxted.

They always wanted to know all about Australia. Some of them had brothers who served out there during the war.

They were all interested to know that the story of the harvesters would be read by Australians.

"After all," they said, "we all know what a terrific effort your country is making to send us food, and we'd like them to know that we're doing all we can to help ourselves, too."

"Tell them, won't you?" the girls said to me later as someone switched off the light and the hut darkened.

"Goodness, am I tired!" yawned Doris. "But it was fun to-day. You know, I packed 50 boxes of beans."



HAYMAKING can still be fun, although it is also an important national enterprise as Britain faces her most severe economic battle.

AUSTERITY RETURNS

TO meet the dollar crisis which threatens to disrupt the flow of trade throughout the world, Australia has to plan for a new period of austerity.

Most people here are ready to accept this with resignation, understanding that it is essential to Britain's recovery in which their own future prosperity is bound up.

They can still reflect that austerity, as the people of Australia know it so far, is plenty, even luxury, compared with the spartan conditions imposed on Great Britain and the near-starvation grimness in many parts of Europe and Asia.

If anyone needs further argument against war as a method of settling international differences, the present unhappy mess provides it.

It is now two years and a month since the day when the world welcomed peace with joy and bell-ringing. Everyone said then it "would take a while" for things to straighten out. But in two years "things" have merely curled up into a tighter tangle.

The truth is that for that period the world has lived on all sorts of emergency measures, the work of UNRRA, military occupations, loans, and so on. None of these solved any but the most immediate problems.

So by the time people thought they could expect to be comfortable again, the real day of reckoning has come round.

The bill for the wastage and spoilage of war has not been wiped from the slate. Its inexorable debits threaten to impose hardships upon the world for many years yet.

These hardships are acceptable if they are the best or the only means of restoring economic health.

Human genius has solved many gigantic problems. Perhaps it will soon evolve a way of relieving the present austerity, which is such a severe tax on human health and happiness.



SPROOD LOOKS AT LIFE: Our artist depicts lunch-time — such a pleasant break!

It seems to me....

THIS time two years ago we were welcoming the first of the returning men who had been prisoners of the Japanese. I thought then that I could never forget, would never forget, the stories those men told.

I think we all felt like that. But a lot has happened since then, and those of us who haven't direct contact with ex-prisoners find the picture fading.

It was sharpened again for me the other day when a book arrived in the mail. "Comrades in Bondage," by Frank Foster, a former member of the Seventh Division (now manager of an A.B.C. studio in Victoria).

It's an account of the author's capture in Java, and his experiences in prison camp there, and on the Burma-Siam railway.

It has no great literary pretensions, but it achieves magnificently what he set out to do — pay a tribute to the medical men whose unrelenting care saved so many thousands.

One vivid sentence from it: "In Tarsao (a Siam camp), where six empty graves were kept dug in advance each day, it can be said that it would have been sixty but for the guiding hand of Colonel 'Weary' Dunlop."

They say the jungle is encroaching now on that terrible railway. When you read a book like "Comrades in Bondage," it makes you want to clear away the mental jungle that encroaches on our memory of the men who suffered there.

I HAD another reminder of past emotions when spending an evening with a friend who returned to Australia last year after ten years in England.

She was talking about the blitz, of how the V2's "were really nothing because when you heard them you knew you were safe," but how the flying bombs nearly got everyone down.

"I used to play a little game with myself when I caught the bus to the office," she said. "I always felt that if I was still alive when we got to a point half-way on the route, then I was safe for the day."

"But we were always buoyed up," she said, "because we could look forward to that wonderful time 'after the war.'"

That day the new British cuts in food, petrol, and travel were announced.

REPORTED: One disconsolate flying saucer, sighted over Portugal. Ah, the good old days.

THE restrictions on American imports have produced a rush on many vanishing items.

I wouldn't wish to strike too censorious a note at this reaction. It would be more than human not to want some of those "now you see me and now you don't" cottons and silks that have been around.

But there are some unlovely extremes.

One big Sydney store opened a new stock of American corsets. A customer, pleased by a strapless model at 17 guineas, asked for 20 pairs.

She said she was going to England where she would not be able to buy any.

(She implied a confident anticipation of the same figure measurements for presumably the next 20 years.)

The store, I am pleased to report, refused to sell them.



Dorothy Drain

I LIKED the answer of a retiring stipendiary magistrate in Sydney, who, asked about his plans, said: "I'm just going to think about things."

He will have plenty to think about.

For example, strange fact that though food authorities warn that famine faces half the world, other countries will have unmarketable surpluses because the consumer countries can't afford to buy.

That meanwhile swords, far from being beaten into ploughshares, are being sharpened.

That some of the bloodiest disturbances in history still spring from religious differences.

But why go on? The retiring magistrate can speculate on these points, and plenty more.

If he comes to any useful conclusions I hope he lets us know.

OPTIMISM is a precious quality, and there are still some optimists left, even in such a pessimistic field as housing.

I found them in the Houses and Flats Wanted column of a daily paper. The ad read: "Young couple being married next week want flat. Phone..."

Indeed, all the advertisers in these columns are optimists, since they have only to look at the meagre space devoted to houses and flats to let and note that the majority are offered in exchange for another roof.

The ads of the homeless make pathetic reading. Every second advertiser uses the word "urgent." "No children" is a frequently offered bait, and one, "Prof. man, wife, no child," added "garden-lovers" as an extra inducement.

But there are still some particular characters left who know what they want, and hope to get it, like the "Eld. gentleman and wife" who require half-cottage or flat, and stipulate that they wish to share it with "gentlefolk."

AN advertisement for a complexion cream asks "Can you blush?" and points out that if you rejuvenate your skin with this cream you will be able to blush again.

There are many pleasant things about youth Like having no wrinkles and lots of future, And buying frocks in the teen-age section without apologising.

And being convinced that one day we will write a great novel.

And that the world will be okay as soon as we effect a couple of obvious improvements.

Any elixir that would restore these happy aspects Would, I should think, Be popular.

But there are many things about youth we could spare,

Like saying the wrong thing, or thinking we've said the wrong thing.

And being told we'll know better when we're older, And that our most original thoughts were put better by some old gink 3000 years ago.

And of all the things about youth we could spare We could most easily Spare the blushes.

Interesting People



Miss MYRA ROPER

Women's College principal
NEW principal of Melbourne University Women's College is Myra Roper, M.A., of Cambridge, and holder of Diploma of Education from University of London. A keen amateur actress, she has written plays, sketches, pantomimes for schools and youth groups. Wartime work included job as senior master at boys' school. Says: "English migrants must be prepared to accept Australian conditions and not try to impose English customs out here."



Mr. E. W. P. CHINNERY

native affairs expert
WHILE in America as an Australian delegate to Trusteeship Council of United Nations in New York, Mr. E. W. P. Chinnery, Melbourne anthropologist, gave request lectures at leading universities on native affairs. He spent 29 years in New Guinea studying native customs and labor conditions and says: "My work included contact with new tribes, some of them still cannibals and headhunters, but native police and carriers showed amazing loyalty to us."



Mrs. J. KINGSLEY-STRACK

painting on antiques
FASCINATING work for Sydney artist, Mrs. J. Kingsley-Strack, is painting in missing parts of designs on china antiques broken in London blitz and sent by the British Museum and famous china makers to Mr. C. A. Funnelle, Sydney, to be restored. In spare time she paints uncommon Australian wildflowers, like the tiny mauve-blue widgee from the outback, and aboriginal designs in oil on china, which is then baked. She also paints miniatures.



DRAMATIC MOMENT in "The Sailor's Return," specially created for the Ballet Rambert and included in its repertoire for Australian season. Aus-

tralian David Hunt, as The Carter, is knocked down by Sally Gilmour, who plays Tulip. Walter Gore, The Sailor, stands on quay. Is later killed by Hunt.

Famous Ballet Rambert to dance in all States



CRITICAL EYE of Marie Rambert, founder of the Ballet, is on Sari Luzita, Vladimir Kallchevsky, while they rehearse.

★

FIRST overseas ballet to tour Australia since the war will be the famous English Ballet Rambert, which starts its Melbourne season on October 7, and will appear in all capital cities. It will be in Australia for almost a year. Madame Marie Rambert, founder of the Ballet Rambert, is bringing to Australia three principal dancers, Sally Gilmour, Walter Gore, and John Gilpin, all famous in England, and a corps de ballet of 20, which will be supplemented here. The British Council and Sir Ben Fuller are responsible for Ballet's Australian tour.



PRINCIPAL DANCERS Sally Gilmour and Walter Gore in "The Sailor's Return," whose choreographer is Andree Howard.



ACHIEVING FAME as both dancer and choreographer with Ballet Rambert, Walter Gore takes the lively part of Punch in his own ballet, "Mr. Punch."



MOST VIVID ROLE in repertoire is Tulip, danced by Sally Gilmour. The company will give classic, popular, and novel dances, changing programme nightly.

The Australian Women's Weekly—September 13, 1947

Page 11

MAKE YOURSELF A CUP OF GOOD TEA

BUSHELLS, THE TEA OF FLAVOR.

NOW in

Lavish **MULTI-COLOUR**



The human interest dramas—
true poignant narratives
of True Story now illustrated
in glorious natural colour
for the first time. Get
True Story and give a lift to
your magazine reading enjoyment.

**FOR TRUE LIFE
IN TRUE-TO-LIFE COLOUR READ**

True Story

Still — 1/- from Bookstalls and Newsagents everywhere.

Dress Sense

by Betty Keep



PRINTED silk for an ultra-feminine suit with hip drapery.

★ Letters from readers with fashion problems are arriving from all over Australia, and I do want to thank the writers and say how flattered and happy I am to receive such a wonderful mail. I also want to say, "Sorry, but I simply cannot reply to individual letters, nor will I be able to post out individual dress designs or cut special patterns."

But I do promise all fashion letters will be read carefully, and I will include in my fortnightly answers information that will help all inquirers.

Each week I shall pick out and discuss problems that appear to me to be of concern to many readers. So please go on writing, because it's necessary for me to know just what fashion information you need. Address letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

the greater part of your life is spent in or out of doors, and buy accordingly.

Everything in a well-balanced wardrobe should be chosen with an eye to the future, as well as the present.

Sternly resist odd bargain buys, unless they can be honestly listed as bargains and co-ordinated with the rest of the wardrobe.

For instance, if last spring your most important buy was a print, this season make it a between-season coat.

Last season your big buy might have been a linen suit. Well, this year make it a short glamor dress. If you start from scratch, a well-balanced wardrobe will take some time to build.

It's a good idea to list all your clothes and their accessories. In this way you can see what is missing.

Color is important—give it lots of thought. Work out a scheme with one basic color that flatters your skin and hair.

Accessories—well, I always say "buy the best your budget can stand."

As I said before—and I can't say it too often—acquire the habit of planning not just for the current season, but for the year ahead.

Here are some of the questions asked by readers:

Slacks and age

DO you consider a woman in her late 30's should wear slacks?

Whether or not you wear slacks is not so much a question of age as of figure proportions. Analyse your figure rather than your birthdays. If your figure can take it—by all means wear slacks. I have seen plenty of girls in their 20's looking absurd in trousers, and plenty of older women looking chic.

Out of doors in the daylight slacks should be classic and slim-fitting about the hip line. The width of the

leg again depends on the figure; the trend of the moment is toward narrow trouser legs.

In the U.S.A., where the majority of fashion-conscious women are slacks-minded, elaborate slacksuits of rich material are worn for home entertainment.

A more simple version is gaining in popularity here. Trousers for leisure is an easy fashion for all ages, but remember they need perfection of line to rate high for glamor.

Top-heavy figure

I AM 17 years of age, and have a figure that embarrasses me, because it is "top heavy." By "top heavy" I mean I have a very full bust, but quite slim waist and hips. I love the beach, but hate myself in a swimsuit. What do you suggest as the most flattering type of garments for an everyday wardrobe and for beach wear?

If you are "top heavy" you will need lines that emphasise your slim hips and draw the eye away from the bust. Never wear tight-fitting clothes—nor clothes with fussy details. A boxy line with a slim skirt is good, so is a fancy low-cut neckline. You might also try tapering fullness at the shoulder-line.

There is no need for you to feel unhappy in beach wear. A simple solution, especially as your waist and hips are slim, is a halter-top with a built-in bra. It can be worn with shorts, skirt, or any play clothes, and will hold and mould your figure.



A HALTER-TOP with a built-in bra is styled to hold and mould the figure.



MRS. BETTY KEEP, who conducts our fashion feature, Dress Sense.

Summer suits

WHAT type of suits will be worn this summer, and what materials and colors will be most popular?

The choice this summer lies between several suit silhouettes. There's the classic suit with a smooth, tailored line designed with a long jacket and slim skirt; the suit with a just-below-waist jacket and all-round pleated skirt; and one completely ultra-feminine in cut—very curved at waist and hip-line.

Materials can be anything from striped seersucker to printed silk. Linen and any-weave that looks like linen will be popular. Prints will be smaller in design than last season, and colors will be more subtle. There's a new look about all butter colors and the wood tones of ash, cedar, and mahogany.

Shoulders are broad

MY shoulders are much too wide in comparison with my waist and hip measurements. Is there any suggestion you could make to help minimise this figure fault?

Avoid a broadened, padded shoulder-line. Fortunately for you, a softer, gentler shoulder-line is new for spring and summer.

BABY BANTERS

Starting early

By Constance Bannister



I'm practisin' up on winkin'.



Trouble is, I end up squintin'.



But do you think I need to wink . . .



When I can squint as well as this?

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 13, 1947

Page 13

A BERLEI foundation brings natural grace to your movements — harmony to your figure line.

"Life of the Party" now!

BUT—I was a complete flop
a few months ago



Mrs. Carey, your symptoms indicate "NIGHT STARVATION". You probably don't realise it, but while you sleep you must replace energy lost during the day. Even during the night, your heart and lungs continue their work. Naturally, unless this energy is replaced you're bound to wake tired... become nervy. I recommend **HORLICKS**.



Each glass of Horlicks* before bed gives you ...

Protein — essential to the growth and development of every part of the body. Without protein to form body and tissue cells, growth cannot take place, and then wear and tear resulting from our daily activities is not made good.

Fat — almost entirely derived from milk; an efficient source of energy and also of

vitamins A and D.

Carbohydrate — chiefly maltose and dextrin (perhaps the best source of quick energy) and lactose, which is of great value to young children.

Mineral Salts — to help in building tissue and in regulating body activities. These mineral salts include:

*Made with milk.

Calcium — of which there is a deficiency in many Australian diets and yet is so necessary for building sound bone and good teeth.

Vitamins A, B₁, B₂ and D — each fulfilling its own special job in the maintenance of sound nutrition.



HORLICKS GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

IMPORTANT days are ahead now for Virgoans, Taurians, and Capricornians, with Cancerians and Scorpions also benefitting to some extent in domestic and legal matters.

These groups should work hard and make the most of opportunities, but Geminians, Sagittarians, and Pisceans are advised to exercise caution and dodge upsets and disappointments.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours, for Adelaide subtract 30 minutes. Other States as below:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Avoid legal decisions and change this week, as routine matters prove most helpful. Best day Sept. 13 (near midday). Rest of week poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Keep busy with new enterprises and gains now. Sept. 10 (evening), 11 (to 5 p.m.), and 14 good; Sept. 15 (except noon to 3 p.m.) and 16 both excellent.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Dodge quarrels and indiscretions now, especially on Sept. 9 (early), 12, 13, 14, and 15 (to sunset). Live quietly and keep to routine.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Moderate good fortune possible this



on Sept. 9 (evening), 19 (dusk), 20 (dusk), and 13 (midday hours). Sept. 15 (to noon) excellent, so use well.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Sept. 10 (near 8 p.m.), 12 (forenoon), and 13 (midday) all quite helpful. Sept. 15 (morning and evening) and 16 both good. Use wisely.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Seek favor and gains now. Sept. 9 (morning), 10 (to dusk), and 13 (midday and evening) very good. Sept. 15 (except noon to 3 p.m.) and 16 both excellent.

LILIA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Unhelpful conditions this week until Sept. 13 (midday), which is fair. Sept. 15 (except noon to 3 p.m.) and 16 good for minor matters.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Sept. 9 (evening), 10 (8 a.m. to midnight), and 11 (to 3 p.m.) all fair; Sept. 15 (except noon to 3 p.m.) and 16 both very good for gains and change.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Live quietly now and dodge worry. Sept. 9 (to noon) severe; 12 (early) and 13 poor; 14 and 15 both confusing. Keep to routine matters.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Good fortune possible in latter part of week. Sept. 13 (midday and evening), 14, and 15 (morning) all good, so use wisely.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): A mixed week. Sept. 9 (to noon), 13 (dusk), and 15 all poor, but Sept. 15 (to midday) and 16 very helpful. Use these days well.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Beware pitfalls of all kinds now, and live quietly. Worst days Sept. 9, 10, 13 (late), 14, and 15 (to dusk). Keep to routine matters.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Your Coupons

TEA: 25-45 (25-32 expires Sept. 15, when 41-44 become available).
BUTTER: 25-30 (expires Sept. 15, when 31-32 become available).
WAX: 44-29 (expires Sept. 15, when 71-74 become available).
CREAM: 25-20 (expires Sept. 15, when 41 and 42 become available).
CLOTHING: 1-54 current.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, set off on the yacht Argos, owned by wealthy **COLONEL BARTON:** Who is searching for the rare flame-colored pearls. His daughter **BETTY:** Is also on board. Crew members led by unscrupulous ship's captain **BEEKER:** Plan to kill Barton once the pearls

are found. Murder has already been attempted, but foiled, when the ship reaches the tropics. A storm bursts, and lightning flashes from the ink-black clouds. The sea rises, and great breakers smash against the desolate cliffs of a lonely island. The Argos battles against the waves. NOW READ ON:



then--A CURIOUS THING HAPPENS! THE COMPASS GOES WILD AND THE METAL CRAFT MOVES SIDE-WAYS, AS IF PULLED BY AN INVISIBLE POWER TOWARD A FOG-SHROUDED ISLAND!



COLONEL BARTON, THERE IS NO ISLAND CHARTED WITHIN A THOUSAND MILES OF THIS POSITION!

ENGINE-ROOM! THIS IS BARTON! REVERSE THE MOTORS--FULL POWER! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP OFF THOSE ROCKS!

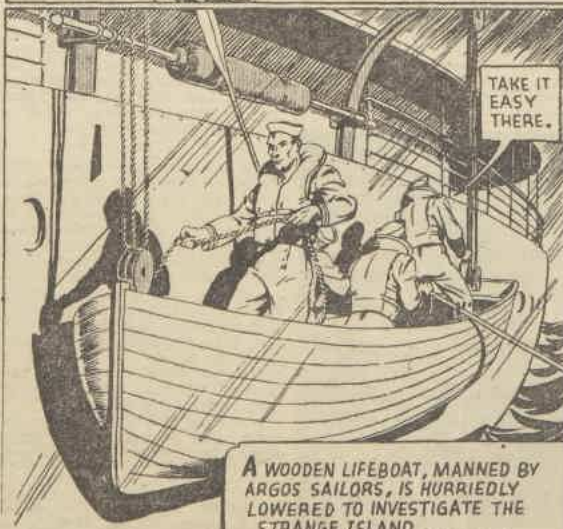


THEN BEGINS A STRANGE DUEL--AN INVISIBLE TUG-OF-WAR, AS THE ARGOS WITH THE FULL POWER OF ITS REVERSED MOTORS, MANAGES TO HOLD ITS DISTANCE FROM THE FORBIDDING ROCKS OF THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND...



MANDRAKE--LOOK! THOSE ASH-TRAYS, INK-WELLS--FLYING ACROSS THE ROOM! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

I DON'T KNOW YET, BETTY.



TAKE IT EASY THERE.

A WOODEN LIFEBOAT, MANNED BY ARGOS SAILORS, IS HURRIEDLY LOWERED TO INVESTIGATE THE STRANGE ISLAND.....



THE BOAT'S FALLING APART!

AHOY, HELP--!

AND AS THE LIFE-BOAT NEARS THE ROCKS--ITS METAL NAILS FLY FROM IT! AND THE BOAT FALLS APART! TO BE CONTINUED



DINING IN NEW YORK. Recent picture in "Vogue" of Sydney's Elizabeth Taylor dining at St. Regis Roof, New York, with host at party Mr. Oliver Iselin, jun. Elizabeth was formerly Elizabeth Downes, daughter of the R. F. A. Downes, of Camden.



TEA FOR TWO. Rosalind Evans serves morning tea for her mother, Mrs. H. V. Evans, at their home at Barton, Canberra, when Dr. and Mrs. Evans are in capital for British Commonwealth Peace Conference.



DINING IN BOSTON, U.S.A. Marcel Dekyvere (left), Doris Biggin, Marcel's wife Nola, and Charles Biggin dine and dance at Sheraton Roof in Boston. Marcel and Nola arrive back in Sydney at end of month.



NEWLYWEDS. Mr. and Mrs. John Wilbur Ham (left) chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Kiddle at buffet dinner party given by the Kiddes at Australia Hotel, Melbourne, in the Hams' honor. Mrs. Wilbur Ham was Elizabeth Austin, Therebri station, Boygabri.



OPENING BIRTHDAY PARCEL. Sue Solomon opens birthday gift at twenty-first birthday party at Christy's. Bruce Donnison, Judy Alexander, John Crawford, Jill Colman, and Shirley Goldstein look on.

Intimate Gossipings

WENDING their way homewards are many Australians who were among first postwar contingent to leave these shores for visit overseas.

Among first arrivals are the Alan Copelands, who fly back from America after trip to England, the Continent, and U.S.A.

"Since leaving Australia in Orion we have had hot weather; heatwaves in London and Paris, and scorching days in New York," Eileen tells me. "When I packed my few pounds of luggage to come home by air, I thought it would be warm spring weather when I landed in Sydney, so only brought one warm suit. I've been freezing ever since I arrived, and until my luggage comes on by boat I'll be wearing that one suit," she adds.

Real wardrobe thrill for Eileen are Paris hats which she has brought back with her, so I expect we'll see her looking very smart at races and spring meeting cocktail "do's."

EILEEN and Alan stayed with Mr. and Mrs. James Holman at their home, Rosworne, Camberne, Cornwall. The Holmans are parents of Joan Holman, who was Lady Wakehurst's secretary for some years here.

During stay in New York they caught up with old friends Ernest and Lucy Burton. The Burtons have a farm at East Islip, Long Island, and turn on hospitality for visiting Australians. Lucy was Mrs. Lucy Lowry, of Sydney, formerly Lucy Falkiner.



HAPPY COUPLE. John Hamilton and his bride, formerly Noela Forbes, of Strathfield, at reception at Amory, Ashfield, after marriage at St. James', Burwood.



HONEYMOONERS. Commander Arnold Green, D.S.C. and Bar, R.A.N., and his pretty bride, formerly Nancy Grant, who were recently married at home of Nancy's parents, the Hugh Grants, of Bundabarra, Colerenebri. Couple honeymoon in Sydney and stay at Australia Hotel, then fly to New Guinea, where Commander Green is stationed in H.M.A.S. Parangu, Finschhafen.



FAMILY GROUP. Mrs. Lister Henry, Mr. Hudson Henry, Mrs. Hudson Henry, Mr. Lister Henry, and Mahdi Henry snapped at Australia Hotel, when Hudson and Lister give twenty-first birthday party for Mahdi.

ANOTHER well-known Sydney couple, Marcel and Nola Dekyvere, expect to return to Sydney about the end of this month in the Port Pirie, sailing from Montreal.

The Dekyvers and Copelands spent a lot of time together during their trip away. In London Lady Wakehurst's brother, Peter Lubbock, gave a cocktail party for them and fellow Australians Elsie and Alexis Albert were there. Elsie and Lex will be home for Christmas.

In letter for her father and mother, the Wally Kerrs, Nola says she has had a wonderful trip abroad and thoroughly enjoyed every moment. She has caught up with lots of Australians in London; Lady Kearns, who was Doll Millgrove; Mrs. Lawrence Byrne, who hopes to come to Australia soon and bring her son, Leslie Walford; Mary Love, who was Mary Hordern; and Virginia and Michael Hawkins.

PORTY guests entertained at their lovely Edgecliff flat by Nancy and Keith Arnott when their daughter, Mary Ann Piper Arnott, a descendant of Captain John Piper, is christened at St. Mark's. Mary Ann wears her father's christening robe and her mother's bonnet. Her christening cake is decorated with real blossoms and tiny daisies. Godmothers are Mrs. John Bradfield and Mrs. Richard Bettington, and godfather is Robert Conacher. Ann Bettington came down with her husband, Richard, from property near Foster for ceremony.

While she and Richard were in town they stayed with Ann's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Whatmore, of Bellevue Hill.

VISITOR from South Australia, Antoinette Osborn, of McLaren Vale, lunches at Prince's with Robin and Pat Wisdom, who are her hostesses during her stay in Sydney. Antoinette tells me it's her first visit.

FEMININE guests at opening of Silk and Textile Printers' exhibition at Australia Hotel show keen interest in glorious display of prints. Fashion highlights at exhibition were Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones' blouse, bought at Bonwit Teller, in New York. Blouse, which was worn with Molyneux suit, was white ground with the words "I love you" written in bright colors. Mrs. Lloyd Jones accompanied to exhibition by her husband and two tall sons, Charles and David. Wimpled winter white hat worn by Mrs. Eugene Goossens when she comes to exhibition with her husband, who officially declares exhibition open. Meet Wendy Leach at exhibition, and she is bubbling over with news of engagement of her daughter Patricia to Peter Britz.

BRIEFLY: Two weeks' holiday at Dark Harbor, Maine, U.S.A. for Elizabeth Taylor before returning to home in New Jersey, where six-year-old daughter Susan commences school after holidays. Elizabeth is doing freelance broadcasting in New York. . . . Cocktail party given at Australian Legation, Nanking, by the David Beatties in honor of their son's first birthday. Great interest in baby, as he was first foreign child to be born in Nanking since occupation. . . . Mrs. Deke Coleman invites friends to tea to be introduced to "A lady from France," which turns out to be poodle, Antoinette—a friend for poodle Antoinette.

LOVELY five-diamond heirloom engagement ring being worn by Rosemary Parker, who announces engagement to Geoffrey Fairbairn. Rosemary is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Parker, of Radcliffe, Vaulchuse. Geoffrey is son of late Mr. George Fairbairn and of Mrs. Fairbairn, of Elmcroft, Great Bookham, Surrey.

Joyce

MRS. SARGENT sighed. "Such an impossible climate! It's so cold. I suffer from neuralgia, you know, and sometimes I can hardly lift a finger."

John Sargent said, "But you haven't been doing badly at all, Laura."

"It's insidious," she protested. "You know that perfectly well. I won't begin to feel the results for a few years. But I know what's ahead of me."

With an effort Enid restrained herself from staring too overtly. Mrs. Sargent was probably no older than her husband, but there were petulant lines around her mouth, in keeping with the fretful undercurrent of complaint in her voice. But she isn't bad-looking, really, Enid thought.

John Sargent had turned the radio on. "There's a symphony programme on," he said. "This is one thing I do miss here. I always liked being able to see the instruments."

The golden music poured into the room. Outside the wind beat in the trees. The light waned and the fire sent long, swaying shadows over the ceiling. It's perfect, Enid thought. A perfect winter afternoon.

John Sargent leaned back in his chair in silent and obvious enjoyment.

"That noise gives me the worst headache," Mrs. Sargent's voice cut through the flood of sound, and Enid started from her dream.

"Haven't you heard enough?" Mrs. Sargent said. "It's been going on for hours!"

Her voice was not so much angry as irritable, with that insistent tone of complaint. And she reached over, when they did not reply, and turned the radio off.

The immediate silence palpitated. And Enid, shocked, felt a sickening shudder go through her. It was indecent. There was no other word.

"We were listening to a concert, you know," John Sargent said evenly. Too evenly. His face was sullen, and on his temples Enid saw suddenly two great blue veins.

"We couldn't hear ourselves talk," his wife answered irrelevantly, and turned quite casually back to Lily. "Now what was that we were saying? Oh, yes, I—"

John Sargent did not speak. His long hands clasped the arms of the chair, and Enid saw clearly his tremendous effort at control.

Presently she looked at her watch. The rain had stopped, and the loud, steady dripping from the eaves had begun. "We'd better start walking back," she said.

John Sargent stood up, and she smiled briefly to him, trying to convey some measure of warmth and cheer. "Thank you for rescuing me," she said.

He smiled, too, and took them to the door, but the smile was only on his lips, and his eyes were the saddest Enid had ever looked into.

So that was how Enid began thinking about John Sargent. It was strange, she found, how differently you looked at people once you knew something about them.

Now, when he stood on the rostrum, tall and earnest with his notes before him, she kept remembering him as he had been that afternoon.

She liked to think she saw a meaning in his words that others did not see, when, for instance, he proposed an English study group.

"We could meet every Sunday afternoon," he said.

"You'd think," someone whispered behind Enid, "he'd have enough of us all the week."

But she understood. He wanted to get out of his house.

One day Enid met Mrs. Sargent in the post office, where she had gone to claim a package from home. "I've been expecting you to call again," Mrs. Sargent said.

"Well—" Enid hesitated. "Saturday?" Mrs. Sargent pursued. "Drop in for afternoon tea."

She did not want to go. After a lecture next day she spoke to John Sargent. "I just wondered if Mrs. Sargent happened to mention that she asked me to come to afternoon tea on Saturday."

"Yes," he said, looking down at her with a friendly gaze "but if you've anything more exciting to do, it's all right, you know."

"No," she said quickly. "No. I'd like to come. Really." She did not know what prompted her to say it.

So she peeled the bell and waited on the stone flagging. Young Johnny opened the white door.

"My mother isn't here," he said. She felt awkward and embarrassed. "Then I—must have made a mistake."

"No mistake," John Sargent said, coming into the hall. "My sister-in-law was taken ill last night and my wife left on the early train this morning. But please come in."

Enid followed down the hall, and he went in. "And please excuse our appearance—Johnny and me and the room. I've been repairing trains."

There was a fresh oil-spot on the sleeve of his old grey tweed jacket. The floor was littered with children's comics. But it was a beautiful room that did not seem to belong to the rest of the grim and sober house. Taftly was curled comfortably in one of the chairs. "But this is charming!" Enid cried.

"It's my den, so it's rather sloppy," John Sargent said cheerfully. "But it saves the rest of the house." He motioned to a paper bag on the mantelpiece. "Crumpets, to toast over the fire."

"Yes, and we must eat 'em all up before mother sees 'em," Johnny said.

John Sargent glanced at Enid. "His mother doesn't—well, she worries about him, you see, and she doesn't exactly approve of his eating this sort of stuff."

"He looks healthy," Enid said.

John Sargent looked thoughtfully at his son, sturdy and lithe. "Yes, he does now." His voice sank out of the child's hearing. "He was very ill two years ago. We didn't think he'd recover."

ENID thought with stabbing perception: If anything ever happened to that child everything would be over for you—he's all you have. And she said gaily, "If you've a fork, I can toast the crumpets for you."

Johnny cried in high excitement. "Let me! Let me do it by myself!"

They laughed and joked over the toaster, and they burnt their fingers, rescuing crumpets that Johnny dropped. The scant hours fled.

Johnny's elaborate railway system covered half the floor. The little boy and the man squatted on their heels and crawled about on their knees, intent on the passage of an express through a switch.

Enid watched their manipulations from the sofa. "I do believe," she said, "you really bought those for yourself, not for Johnny."

John Sargent laughed. "I always wanted them. We couldn't afford them when I was a kid."

Later Johnny got out a draughts-board and Enid played him, sitting cross-legged on the floor. There were anagrams, too, and an enormous jigsaw puzzle; they had a wonderful time over them. The heat from the roaring fire brought a glow to Enid's face, and all her early restraint had worn away.

Johnny was boisterous with laughter. "Golly," he said to Enid, "you're fun. I wish you lived here."

John Sargent looked over at them. "He doesn't laugh like that very often," he said. "It's good to hear it."

He turned, and his eyes met hers. She flushed quickly and bent her head.

"You know," he said, "I was just thinking—it's very nice to have you here, Miss Carter—Enid. You—you seem to fit in." She had never before heard him stumble over words; not talkative, he had, nevertheless, a simple eloquence.

"It's been very nice to come," she answered primly.

"Funny," he said, "I've never known many of the students. And I wouldn't know you if I hadn't gone climbing up to the lookout."

Please turn to page 19

WORTH Reporting

SOME months back Anne Matheson, of our London staff, dumped a bundle of old letters and papers in the jungle at Juba (Sudan). A couple of weeks ago they arrived by post in London!

Anne was flying to South Africa, in the Queen's plane, to cover the Royal tour. Having had a rush to get ready for the trip, she had not had time to clean out her brief-case until she started on the journey.

Naturally she didn't want to leave the bundle of old bills and letters in the Queen's plane, and couldn't throw them out the window.

So she dumped them in the jungle near Juba airstrip.

"There didn't seem the slightest chance that anyone would pick up the bundle," she writes, "as the thin line of ground staff is much too busy to explore the dense jungle."

"I could have taken a bet the papers would be as safe from prying eyes under the date palm, where I sat and smoked a cigarette, as if they'd been under the copper at home."

But months later some kindly soul, who heads a letter to me, "On safari," picks the bundle up, returns it with a charming note of apology, and, unfortunately, an undecipherable signature.

"The London County Council's van has taken them now, and I'm keeping my fingers crossed."

Exit potstick

AN inventor called on us the other day, carrying a large bag labelled "Wonder washing net (out in a jiffy)."

The inventor, Mr. D. G. McSweeney, of Belmore, N.S.W., says it's so simple he can't see why women have been lifting heavy clothes from copper with potsticks for so long.

In the bag was a net made of white cotton window-blind cord strung on to a rustless metal ring. This is fastened to the copper with hooks provided, and the clothes are put on top.

When they've boiled long enough, the net is lifted by a neat, double-rope pulley, the water strains back into the copper, the net swings aside, and the clothes drain off.

At the moment Mr. McSweeney is making all the nets himself, and a few suburban shops are selling them.

He says that potsticks mutilate clothes, which his net does not. One of his satisfied customers is a man who does his own washing and who told him: "My face doesn't seem to get splashed with boiling water any more."



"Gee, what a swell cast, Mr. Johnson—half-way back to camp!"

Animal Antics



Lost its mother

FRIENDS of ours at Hunter's Hill, Sydney suburb, heard a great to-do coming from the roof about 8.30 one morning.

An inspection with a ladder proved what they suspected from the guttural noises—a possum. It was a baby, only about eight inches long.

Unable to cope with a saucer of milk, it was finally quietened when put in a box with a hot-water bottle, rolled itself into a tight little ball, and went to sleep.

There it lay all day until nightfall, when its rescuers tried an idea they had by putting the box outside on the ground. They thought it was a little early for possums to be around, but the baby sensed some of its relatives were in the vicinity, and promptly made a fearful row.

In a flash three or four possums appeared in the trees.

The mother came to the ground, peered over the top of the box, with an astonished expression. "Our friends swear to the astonished expression."

Then she hopped inside. Promptly the baby climbed on her back, swung round her neck, and nestled into her pouch, and away went the mother back into the tree, her lost child restored.

Relics of past

MR. LESLIE PUXTY, of Farningham, in Kent, has a beautiful red-tiled path up to his front door, and he is being visited by archaeologists from all over England.

A few weeks ago a bulldozer leveling one of his farm meadows unearthed these tiles, and experts say that they must be nearly 2000 years old, having been at one time part of a Roman villa.

He is as proud of his find as Mr. Roderick, whose Leicestershire farm is quite close to the field where Roundheads and Cavaliers fought the famous Battle of Naseby.

In a furrow one of his ploughmen recently discovered an antique and rusty sword, obviously a relic from the battle.

When Mr. Roderick cleaned it up he found that it was his own name, Roderick, was carved into the ornamental hilt.

Taught to speak

MRS. ENID DALGLEISH JONES, whose six-year-old son Larry (born deaf and, consequently, dumb) was taught to speak at the Central Institute for the Deaf at St. Louis, U.S.A., is going to help other deaf children to speak by joining the staff of the Oral Speech Movement in Adelaide.

Two years ago Mrs. Jones, finding the only schools for the deaf in Australia hopelessly overcrowded, decided to take Larry to America.

In Sydney on her return she showed us something of the methods used to teach Larry to speak.

(These are similar to methods in use in Australian schools for the deaf, where the accommodation position has now eased.)

While he was a boarder at the St. Louis school (which is affiliated with Washington University), Mrs. Jones qualified as a speech therapist and teacher of the deaf.

"Experts told me that Larry had some residual hearing, and this helped him," she said.

Mrs. Jones clapped her hands to attract Larry's attention (clapping is a sound with a high frequency which penetrates his deafness) and moved her lips soundlessly. Larry watched her lips, and answered her questions.

"We try not to use signs at all," Mrs. Jones told us. "One of the first sounds we teach is 'mum.' It is resonant, and comparatively easy."

"You place the child's fingers against your cheeks and make the 'mum' sound loudly. The child feels the vibration."

"Afterwards he puts his fingers on his own face, and tries to produce the same vibration."

"Another easy sound is 'p.' You take a lighted candle and blow it out. The child does the same thing, and reproduces the sound 'p.'"

"Then he learns to combine sounds. For instance, 'b' and 'o' become bow, and he is then shown a picture of a bow."

"The hardest sounds to learn are 'j' and 'k,' because these are not seen on the lips."

"When the child is at home the mother must treat him as normal. She must speak clearly and carefully with the light on her face so that the movement of her lips is seen."

"Children slip back quickly, so you must talk to them all the time."

When Mrs. Jones graduated she was tempted to stay in America, but she realised teachers were needed in Australia.

"So I am going to Adelaide to help in a school which was started in a small room by mothers of deaf children, who have now built a modern school at 106 Kerwood Street, Adelaide."

STARTLED radio fans, during an advertisement for a Melbourne restaurant the other evening, "reviewed their recent lunch-hour habits, when the announcer brightly added: "And an expert staff of chefs carefully repair all meals."

Live talk

JIVE language apparently changes as frequently as feminine fashions, and local enthusiasts who tell their dance partners that they are "solid" or "comin' on like gang busters" are well behind in their chosen language.

Tivoli comedian Dick Richards—a tiny, frozen-faced fellow who looks little more than half his 30 years—tells us that jive language in America to-day is strictly rhyme.

He should know, because he has played the piano with a number of America's biggest jive bands, and is an expert boogie-woogie pianist—a far cry from his student days at the famous Juilliard School of Music.

Nowadays, if you can jive with the best of them, you are a "gone character," which is the highest praise.

The old jive greeting, "Whatahuh-no, Poppa?" has been replaced by "Whatahuhno, Dadderehno."

Rhyming greeting is, "Well, what's your story, Morning Glory?" and the accepted replies include, "Fine as wine" or "Cool as a fool in a pool," or "I'm boodle as Doodee."



acquire rights to
reproduce fashions
by
**Famous
Paris
Designers**

ASK AT ALL STORES IN ALL STATES TO SEE THE
Paris frocks by

Adelyn

So that was all that happened, and yet after that day she was never the same.

She couldn't help it, she told herself vehemently. You could tell yourself you were a fool—and you went right on being a fool. How slow your heart from lurching when a name was mentioned or a voice was heard?

So winter faded, spring came, and Enid was more restless than ever.

"I've got to get out," she said one afternoon, slamming a book shut.

She put on her riding-clothes, went and hired a horse, and set off at a brisk canter. But in her heart there was none of the old familiar response to spring. When she came to the place where the lane forked into the main road she wanted to close her eyes and hurry past.

Mrs. Sargent was standing at the gate. Her brown hair was in disarray and the brilliant light was unkind to her face. Enid knew at once that something was wrong.

"It's Johnny!" Mrs. Sargent cried, with no other greeting. "He hasn't come home from school." And she knotted her hands. "Oh, I knew something like this would happen."

In spite of her distaste, Enid felt a pang of sympathy. "But nothing's happened," she said sensibly. "What harm could come to a child in a town like this?" She took the distraught, half-hysterical woman by the arm. "Come inside," she commanded gently. "He'll turn up soon."

They went in and sat in the cluttered drawing-room. "I'm so nervous," Mrs. Sargent said. She kept wringing her hands. "I can't help it. People never think I'm so sensitive, but I can't stand things other women can."

Enid did not reply. Her words would have had no effect. For Mrs. Sargent was ill, sickened from having for so long been turned selfishly inward upon herself. That much Enid saw and understood.

Once or twice she rose to go, but Mrs. Sargent implored her to stay, so she sat down again, murmuring mechanically. "You mustn't be afraid. Little boys are always doing things like this. He'll be coming home soon."

He did come home, of course. Before very long he sauntered in, a smudge of dirt on his rosy face.

"Me and Bill went for a lovely ramble!" he cried, in marvellous unconcern.

His father followed in time to hear the announcement. "Good for you!" he said, and stopped at the sight of Enid in the room, and of his wife's tear-stained face.

Afterwards Enid did not like to remember it all. She had never seen anything like this shameless emotional abandon. Embarrassed and uncertain, she stood there wishing herself anywhere else on earth.

"You!" Mrs. Sargent cried in her husky voice. "You want to make me suffer! You just don't care how much I am tortured!"

"And just what are you talking about, Laura?" John Sargent asked. "I've been frantic with worry. I didn't know where he was."

"Yes, he should have asked permission. But there is no reason to get so excited."

"Oh, of course, encourage him! You and your 'normal' boy talk!"

John Sargent put his arm round his son's small quivering shoulders.

"Go on outside, Johnny," he said quietly, and to his wife. "This discussion can wait, Laura. This is no place for it."

Enid was weak with shame for them all. She looked at John Sargent standing there as a shield between the child and his mother. And by his weary posture she knew suddenly that he had gone through this sort of thing many times before. Swiftly she moved to the door.

"I think I'd better go," she said, but no one answered.

Outside she could still hear faintly the high, querulous voice piercing into the golden afternoon. John Sargent she thought, that free, bright spirit, bound to a house of

The Brooch

Continued from page 17

misery. It was the most terrible injustice she had known in all her seventeen years, and the horror of it burned within her. Swiftly she mounted and rode away, scarcely thinking where, and the horse went its own way up the hill.

At the lookout she dismounted. The steep drop lay before her, but to-day there was no peace in it. How long she stood there looking blankly into the distance she did not know. Half an hour perhaps, or longer. When she heard hoofbeats plunging in a gallop along the path below she knew, although she had no reason to know, who it would be.

The path twisted, and he came in sight, saw her, and swung from the foaming horse. His face was somewhat pale under the bronze, and the mobile lips were a straight gash across it.

"I'm sorry you heard that," he said abruptly.

"That's all right," she said.

She wanted to say, to cry from her heart, "Why do you bear it? Why must you go on living like this? Don't you see it isn't fair to yourself, and that you are breaking my heart with pity?" But she said aloud, "It's nothing."

He did not reply, but looked in-

stead far off into the billowing hills. And with sudden, mature insight she understood his reticence. What, after all, could he say? A man didn't want to act the martyr.

Suddenly he turned and looked down at her. "You're very nice, Enid," he said gently.

"Am I?" she said. Very nice. And is that all?

Suddenly the turmoil that was in her could be contained no longer. She was not a girl who cried with ease, yet now the tears rose burning to her eyes and brimmed over. In wordless, agonising shame she turned away.

But he had seen. "What is it?" he said. "Enid, what is it?"

She burned her bridges behind her. He had seen her tears and now she might as well go all the way. "It's you," she said. "Because you're so unhappy. When you shouldn't be. All the things you like," she cried, not quite coherently, "your music and—and fun with your little boy and riding. You haven't anyone you never have anything. And there's no use saying you have, because I know."

"Don't," he said helplessly. "Please, Enid. You mustn't talk like this."

"Oh, why don't you let me tell you?" she said. "I've been so miserable."

He cried, astonished. "You miserable? But you, of all people..."

A minute before she would rather have died than say it and a moment after she did not know what had possessed her to say it, but now, "I love you so," she said. "I've loved you for months."

"Well," he said. "Well—" and with his riding-crop switched so violently at a bush that its top was slashed off.

She thought he was angry and recoiled in panic. "Oh, I'm sorry! I don't know what made me tell you. I haven't admitted it even to myself. But please, don't be angry with me."

"Angry! It's not that," he said

in a strange, flat voice, and did not look at her. "Only you mustn't say such a thing, because it isn't true."

"Yes, it's true," she said, "and already I'm ashamed by having told you, but it's true and I can't help it."

"But that isn't love," he interrupted gently. "That's pity, Enid. Some day you will really love, and you will know the difference."

She did not remember the ride back or dinner in the clattering dining-room. Half the night she lay awake, and finally got up and sat by the window looking out over the silken moonlight lawns. Her hands were cold, and there was a fever within her. And in the tumult of her thoughts these were uppermost: He cared for her, he must. He had hidden after her.

Perhaps if she went to him tomorrow and told him she was going home because of him he would do something; he would not let her go.

It was almost dawn when she fell into a tossing sleep.

She stood in his bare, narrow study, where she had gone after a lecture, during which she had not heard a word, nor dared look at him. Now she faced him across the desk that was piled with papers, and the clicking of his penknife was sharp in the stillness.

It did not seem possible that she had heard correctly. "What?" she said weakly. "What did you say?"

His voice was almost rough. "I said, I think you're right. It would be better if you—if you went home."

She raised her eyes from her shoes. She saw in passing that he was very tired and drawn, but it did not seem relevant. She wanted to weep, in shame and sorrow and bitter anger. She had let herself be conquered and her heart stripped bare by a man who did not even want her.

But she could be very proud, and she drew herself straight and tall.

"I'm sorry," she said in a strained, even voice. "I didn't mean to make so much trouble," and stumbled out before he could speak and went to her room.

She had no idea what she would tell her parents, but she was living through a far more terrible anguish than their displeasure could inflict upon her, and so it was not important. The one thing was to get away and never, never come back.

There was no one else on the station; lost and alone she stood on the platform with her luggage at her feet.

Lost and alone—until suddenly she saw John Sargent running down the platform. His coat was open, his tie was askew. Her heart leaped, and, remembering, died within her.

"You shouldn't have come," she said wearily. "There isn't anything to say."

"But there is so much," he said. "And now when I need words I can't find them." He went on, and it was half a question, "Though, perhaps, you wouldn't understand. I keep forgetting how young you are."

Not young, she thought, not any more. But she said nothing, just stood quite still, and only half hearing, listened to the end.

His words, as once in the past, came brokenly. "Because..."

Johnny," she heard him say. "I'm his father and he needs me."

It came to Enid that he was saying he would always have to stay with Laura, because if he left, he would have to leave Johnny with her.

"But it isn't fair," she cried, thinking only of him, and weak with grief. "It isn't fair! A whole life sacrificed to a child..."

"Most things aren't very fair," he said very quietly. "Most good things have a high price. You'll learn that some day, I suppose, though I hope you won't have to."

She did not know what to answer, and suddenly he looked down at her, and flashed his rare smile. "You should be very happy, Enid," he said. "You have so much to give. Only don't ever change. Just be the way you are now, and—and remember

you can't have love, you can't have the best thing there is for nothing."

She was not sure she understood precisely, but one thing she knew, she would never forget the words and the deep, dark sound of his voice or the ache in her heart.

The train came hooting suddenly round the bend.

"Here," John Sargent said, "I want you to have this. Take it, please."

She held out her hand mechanically, and saw that it was a piece of jewellery in an old velvet box, and did not look at it again, but only at his face, as though she must memorise it for ever.

"It was my mother's," he said. "I have never—no one else has ever worn it. Do you understand? She was like you. Don't refuse it because of—of propriety. It's important to me that you have it. Please, Enid."

"I'll keep it," she said.

"Because you—because she was everything a woman ought to be. Generous with love and warm with life."

The train came in and she climbed up with the velvet box in her hand. She thought she would never have strength enough to reach her seat.

John Sargent stood looking up at her.

"Good-bye," she said. His lips formed words, but she could not hear him, and then the train pulled slowly out. She stared there watching until his face was only a white blur in the half-dark. And then she went in and found a seat in an empty carriage and cried her heart out.

Now, too, sitting before the mirror, as clearly as if he were standing behind her, she saw John Sargent's face. She had never forgotten it.

It had been a long time, though, years perhaps, before she had found the answer, before she had really understood it all. That he had loved and wanted her, and fought a bitter struggle with himself, and sent her away. That in his greater, older wisdom he had done what was best, and had suffered in doing it far, far more than she.

"You pay a high price," he had said, and she understood now that he had paid the highest.

But by then, as he had foretold, and as she had not believed possible, her feeling for him was changed. She had been so young, and he the first man she had known after her callow, half-grown boys. And an extraordinary man, whom she could adore. A mad man, to whom her heart went out in tenderness. But that had not been love.

She knew that when Tom came into her life. Tom was her own age and was blithe and had uncomplicated love to offer. Tom was love, and she had known the difference at once, as John Sargent said she would.

The door opened. "The cars are here," her father said, and she took his arm and they went down the stairs.

"Don't be nervous," he said gently.

She wasn't nervous at all. She was thinking, clearly and steadily. Of those poor, twisted lives she had once known; of the brooch and John Sargent saying, "Because you are everything a woman ought to be—generous with love and warm with life."

A man believed in the woman he loved, and she could nourish that belief in gentleness and beauty all of their days together—or she could destroy it. It was as simple as that.

(Copyright)

You'll say it's a Winner...

when you find out what tests have proved



Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

you're bound to find new brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium—the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film... floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter!



For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

Keep smiling and fit —

Free
FROM
**COLDS
& FLU**



Keeping free from colds or 'flu isn't always a matter of luck. Wise people do something constructive. It has been proved over and over again, for more than 25 years, that 'ASPRO' is a safe, easy, and effective method of coping with colds and 'flu. You can carry 'ASPRO' anywhere — you can take it anywhere. To be without 'ASPRO' is to run a needless risk.

And remember, 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart or stomach.

• • •

'ASPRO' TABLETS — "Quickest Things I Know of for Preventing Colds & 'Flu"

27 Brisbane St., Perth, W.A.
8/5/47

Nicholas Pty. Ltd.,

This is to let you know that I find your 'ASPRO' tablets the quickest things I know of for preventing colds and 'flu. I always give them to my children with the greatest confidence, knowing that 'ASPRO' tablets can only do them good. You may use this letter in any way you desire.

Yours truly, (Sgd.) Mrs. LUCY K. LEES

Act with 'ASPRO' at first sign of a cold

Sneezes, shiveriness, aching joints, feverishness — whatever warning you get that a cold is coming on, take 2 or 3 'ASPRO' tablets straight away and 2 tablets every 2 hours until the trouble clears.



'ASPRO' and a HOT LEMON DRINK

If your cold has really got a hold, take 2 or 3 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot drink (lemon or whisky) on retiring. Keep well covered and you'll get the full benefit of the healthy skin action that 'ASPRO' promotes.



'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Three 'ASPRO' tablets in water make an excellent gargle for sore throats or tonsillitis. Another effective method of soothing a sore throat is to crush the tablets and take with honey.



'ASPRO'

HAVE 'ASPRO' HANDY FOR:

SLEEPLESSNESS
TEMPERATURE
FEVERISHNESS
SORE THROAT
IRRITABILITY

RHEUMATISM
TOOTHACHE
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
ALL NERVE PAINS

COLDS
INFLUENZA
LUMBAGO
SCIATICA
NEURITIS

Nicholas Product

COPYRIGHT, 1947

Gustavus Adolphus

Continued from page 4

THE whole place was shabby. The edge of the window-sill looked as if something had been teething on it. The chair legs looked scratched and worn. And there was a large, shabby dog basket under the kitchen table. There was a section of tree trunk standing under the window, nailed to a flat base and bearing the marks of industrious claws. Drew looked at the cat thoughtfully.

"Have you moved in here in my absence, cat?" he inquired, and then laughed at the spectacle of himself affixed in a large towel, cradling the ugliest cat in his experience. Well muscled, too.

He put the cat down and wandered through the flat, turning on lights as he went. He whistled. There had been changes made in the careful decor of those interior decorators.

The sitting-room, hitherto veiled in twilight, displayed linen loose covers hiding the opaline satins which Drew resolutely remembered. The seat of one of the chairs was distinctly soiled, too.

You might even say it was dirty, Drew reflected. The cat, still purring like a fur-lined kettle, settled the matter by leaping up lightly and taking his accustomed place in the chair. Drew whistled—it was becoming a lot plainer now.

Joss found them so when she came in hurriedly—the cat kneading its paws into the chair seat and Drew stretched on the sofa, his hands clasped behind his head, the two staring at each other unblinkingly.

"Darling!" Joss flew to him. She was holding a telegram in her hand. Drew opened his arms and she fell into them, and for a while neither of them said anything. The telegram fluttered to the floor—it was Drew's to her, saying he'd be home.

Something very odd and queer, something very nice, about this homecoming; Joss crumpled against him on the sofa, a cat purring on a chair. Drew raised his head and looked over Joss' shoulder. The cat had turned his back on both of them. Drew chuckled, and Joss twisted her head and looked up at him inquiringly.

"Nothing at all," he said. "Not at the moment." Joss snuggled her head back into his bare shoulder.

Drew woke up next morning and the pattern of sunlight on the floor through the curtains said it was nearly midday. He felt wonderful, and smiled to himself, just with the joy of being alive.

Then he became aware of Joss, standing beside the bed with a large breakfast tray.

"How about some breakfast?" she inquired.

He leaned over and looked into the little casserole of brown pottery. "What's in there?"

"Mushroom omelette. Special."

"Who cooked it?" He sniffed the faint redolence of mushroom stealing through the air.

"I did."

"Where's Minny?"

"I sacked her."

Total disbelief shone in Drew's face.

"Sacked, Minny? What about Henry? After all, they're a couple."

"I suppose they still are, darling."

Drew leaned back. His wife intrigued him. Something had come over her. He said, "Who taught you to cook?"

Joss looked pensive. "I went to cookery classes three afternoons a week for a couple of months. And I fooled about with cookery books here at home." She delicately lifted a large mushroom out from its hiding place in the omelette. "Want some breakfast?"

The whole day intrigued him, starting with the large cat strolling in through the kitchen window. He said, "Hello, Big Boy."

Joss turned round from the sink. She looked like an illustrator's dream of A Young Bride. Drew decided. Her apron had little black horses cavorting over it, and she wore black sandals. Her silky black hair was taken back simply, and pinned in a knot at the nape of her neck.

"A wife with her own private income," Drew said admiringly, "and washing up for me!" He reached for the cat and lifted the warrior up in his lap. "Look at the pretty lady, Big Boy."

"His name is Gus," Joss offered cordially. "In fact, it's Gustavus Adolphus. But I just call him Gus."

And this was the girl who'd never wanted a dog because they chewed furniture! Drew marvelled, and ignored the scratching log, the basket under the table. "How does he get in and out?"

Joss said, "He's wonderful, really. He jumps from the fire escape. That's why I leave the window open."

Drew said, "But that's about five feet, isn't it?" The cat turned his head and looked up at him and yawned, and Drew decided he understood every word. "What about winter nights? Doesn't the kitchen get cold?"

"Oh, I just shut the kitchen door into the pantry. That's what Minny and I had the row about. She didn't like Gus."

Drew tickled the little hollow behind Gus' right ear and pondered the matter. Minny and Henry had worked for them for the five years they'd been married. Henry he didn't mind, but Minny had always got on his nerves. Still, with a wife who couldn't cook—

"What do you see in this animal, anyway?" he asked.

Joss finished the sink with an efficient swipe, rubbed hand-cream into her hands, and admired her finger-nails. Then she picked the cat out of Drew's lap and slung him over her shoulder like a fox fur. He hung there limply.

"He was the ugliest cat in the world, that's what he was. Wasn't he?" she crooned softly.

Abruptly she reversed him, holding him in her arms like a baby, and he opened one eye and reached up and patted her cheek gently. He closed the eye and began to purr. "Was he an old ugly thing?" She smoothed the fur under his chin, and he stretched his head back trustfully.

"You know, Drew," she said suddenly, "he startled me once. Eleanor was here one day—you know, Eleanor Welsh—and I was upset because I couldn't get a small rabbit, because that was the next cooking lesson, and I wanted to sort of practise at home first. And Gus went off out of the window, and after a while he came back with a rat."

Genuine pride sounded in her voice. "He killed it all for me. He couldn't manage a rabbit, but he did the best he could!"

Drew swallowed. "Probably worried about meat coupons," he managed. "What did Eleanor think?"

"Oh, she made an awful fuss. That girl's a fool."

He looked carefully at the cigarette he was lighting. "How is Eleanor, anyway?"

Joss said, "I haven't the faintest idea. I haven't seen her since. She got practically hysterical about Gus' rat, and she was positively insulting about him. She said that the best thing to do was to take him somewhere and have him put to sleep. Imagine!"

"Silly of her," Drew conceded. "What did she have against Gus?"

"Oh, she made a song and dance about stray cats and how ugly Gus was—you know, Drew, he is, he really is the ugliest cat in the world," she finished, crouching down by the refrigerator and fishing something from its depths. "Tripe," she said matter-of-factly. "He loves it."

A long lovely vista stretched ahead of Drew Forrest. No Eleanor Welsh! He tried another tack. "Tell me, how are Ben and Jeremy?"

Joss was writing things on a pad.

"See if I can get liver," she muttered. "Out of onions. Flea powder. Potatoes." She pushed the pencil in among the pins in her hair, and immediately withdrew it. "Fish for Gus," she finished. "What did you say?"

"Ben, Jeremy. How are they?"

Joss giggled. "I honestly don't know. Gus bit Ben and he hissed."



at Jeremy until it was funny. He didn't seem to like them."

Drew considered the crouching cat, neatly finishing its meal, and his respect for the drooping-eared puglist mounded. "He didn't?"

"No," said Joss. "Want to help me straighten up the sitting-room?"

Wonder mounted on wonder in Mr. Andrew Forrest, who had married a lovely girl nurtured on interior decoration and the snootier ideas of her sex. She had been lovely—but untouchable. Her mind, like her eyes, had had a far-away expression. Not now.

Presently, Joss went into the pantry and emerged with a vacuum-cleaner. "How would you like to get out of here for an hour while I take the surface dirt off this place?"

Drew got into old tweeds musingly. Could it be that a cat had worked this miracle? Or was it that it was time for Joss to grow up? He frowned. After all, Joss was twenty-five, and about time she grew up!

Still, her mother, Mrs. Morton Latimer, had never grown up. Mrs.

Latimer was a sweet infant still. He loved her like a son, but there were times when he could have cheerfully wrung her little white neck—her and her ideas about how to live and what to do.

Joss interrupted his thoughts.

"Dad and mother are coming for dinner," she said. "That why I want onions—he loves fried onions, and he never gets them at home. They're awfully anxious to see you. Mother wants to tell you how awful I am lately, and dad wants to know whether you want any money. So get back here by six—I can't cope with mother and the cooking too." She kissed him lingeringly.

Drew wandered down the road in a daze. It didn't seem possible that Joss could be so different. Presently he felt he needed a drink to restore his equilibrium, and he went into the first hotel he came to.

There was a little man next to him at the bar, and he was unhappy. He peered into his glass and sighed. Drew said, "What's the matter, old chap?"

The little man looked up. He was mostly black eyebrows.

"It's my cat," he reported. "He comes and goes. I get everything for him—tripe, sausage meat, fish—but he goes away. I think, 'This is natural; he is a boy, he likes girls, he will come home.' In five months I've only seen him twice. He is a lovely cat; he is the ugliest cat in the world."

Drew put his glass down with an audible bang. The ugliest cat in the world. He said cautiously, "What color is he?"

That brought on a deluge. "Color? He is grey-black like snow under soot. He purrs like a leopard, and I have heard them. He is muscled like a Greek fighter in an old statue; and he is as unfriendly as a child's nurse to interlopers."

"Has this cat of yours one drooping ear?"

"You have seen him?" The little man was ecstatic. "Grey and black, generally dirty, a drooping ear! That is The King!"

The King, thought Drew, my eye! This is going to hurt Joss. She loves that animal. He reached for his fresh drink, knowing in his innermost soul that Gus was The King. He pondered imponderables. He thought how Joss had fallen in love with a cat. He thought about his nasty satin sitting-room, where nobody could put his feet on anything, and about Minny and Henry, and Eleanor and Ben and Jeremy.

A hair shirt woven of those people, he thought desperately, or a lonely little man? And he remembered nights in the dark when men talked their hearts out. He remembered the warm purr of Gus on his lap. He asked, "Why did he leave you?"

The little man spread his hands. He said, "It was my fault. I moved. I was hard up. I moved, and he was lost. He can't find his way back."

Drew thought, noncommittally, of the fire-escape and a lonely girl. A cat with a sense of responsibility?

He cupped his glass in his hands and thought about Gus. Gus was very happy where he was. He had the rusty purr of a cat who had found himself a home from home.

"Where did you see him these two times?" he asked.

"In the back lane," the little man said sadly. "He was going away."

DREW thought, this is the time to take the helm. He said, "I think you'd better come home with me. We can think about what to do."

He took the little man by the elbow and steered him up the road. Joss was a little surprised, but Gus wasn't. Gus leaped into the little man's arms and washed his chin and pawed his cheek.

"One-man cat," Drew said laconically.

A tear ran down Joss' cheek, but she rallied nobly and brought them some coffee. Gus roamed over his owner's frame, biting his ear from time to time, and the little man wept.

"This is my King," he said. "He is part of me." Gus made shameless love to the little man with the eyebrows, who explained: "I lost my wife. Now I've only got The King, and you brought him back to me!" He purred at The King and Gus rose on his hind feet and arched his head under the little man's chin.

A spark lit in Joss' eyes. She gave Drew a look. She said slowly, "That's the loveliest animal I've ever known. Somebody must have taught him his select manners. He was beautifully brought up."

Gus was looped over the little man's shoulder. From time to time he got down into his lap and scrutinised him anxiously, looking from feature to feature. Drew held Joss' hand, and they both watched him. It was plain that Gus owned the little man.

"I've had him five months," Joss said.

"Fig," said Drew. "You've had me for more than that number of years. But I couldn't put my feet on the furniture as he does. You're fond of him. He appeals to you. And your mother and father are coming. Should we keep the little man and his cat—or let them go?"

The only thing to do was to let them go. It was obviously a sad parting for Joss. "Perhaps I'll get another cat," she said.

Drew looked into her eyes.

He said, "How about a baby instead?"

Joss tucked her feet under her—the two of them were sitting on the settee—and said seriously, "Well, I don't see that a baby would be any more worry than Gus!"

Drew took her hand. "It wouldn't jump from the fire escape at first," he agreed. "And it might be all the same color and not blotchy."

Joss said in a practical way, "Drew, wasn't that a nice person?"

"Who, Gus?"

"No," she said reprovingly. "The man Gus owns. I do hope he comes back to see us again."

Drew put his arms round her. The doorbell was going to ring in a moment. Mrs. Latimer was always on time, one of her most hateful characteristics. He savored the moment.

He said, "Did you mean that about having one small baby? I would love to have one small baby. Mostly one just like you, if possible."

She said reprovingly, "Drew, not He'd have to be just like you."

Well, at any moment the doorbell would ring. Drew Forrest thought: It isn't often a man sees his dream coming true! He thought: Thank God for Gus. He didn't dare think about it.

He said gently, "Well, let's have one of each, and a place where I can put my feet up."

"I know," Joss said. "All men are alike—you and Gus. You come home with mud on your feet. And you have to have somewhere to put them." She put her arms round him. She said gently, sweetly, "The nice thing about being a man instead of a cat—a man has a key to the door." And her chuckle subsided against Drew's cheek.

Drew thought: All the same, I wish we could call the baby Gus!

(Copyright)

All characters in the serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 5000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4005, G.P.O., Sydney.

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM

THEY'RE PLEASANT PEOPLE. THESE EMPIRE D



LADY ADDISON, wife of Dominions Secretary Viscount Addison, answers private correspondence at Canberra with the help of her husband's secretary, Miss Evelyn Howell (left), who also accompanied Lord Addison to the San Francisco Conference.



COCKTAIL PARTY given by Dr. and Mrs. Ewart enabled members of the Conference to meet one another informally. Here the Hon. Francis Cumming-Bruce, private secretary to Lord Addison and a member of the Commonwealth Relations Office, London, chats with Mrs. John Burton, wife of the Secretary of Department of External Affairs.

In Canberra to discuss making of Japanese peace treaty

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

Instead of the tense atmosphere which preparations for the Empire Conference on Japanese peace problems seemed to indicate, the effect was of a group of unpretentiously able men meeting for a family discussion.

From silver-haired 78-year-old Viscount Addison, the British Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, to tall, heavily built Mirza Mohammed Rafi, delegate from Pakistan, the youngest member of the British Commonwealth of Nations—all were conscious of their kinship.

THEIR discussion is intended to benefit not only the family concerned but also friends, acquaintances, and former enemies of the family.

The security officers were there, but they seemed to merge into the polished corridors and lobbies of Parliament House, simply sending you quietly back if you moved beyond certain points.

The wall of secrecy was there also but as the conference has been correctly described as "the most important British conference ever held in Canberra," there could be no complaints on that score.

Busiest delegate was Australia's Dr. Ewart, who was unanimously elected chairman of the conference.

His External Affairs Department, controlled by Dr. John Burton, was equally busy.

The department had to attend to the organisation of the conference,

and find accommodation for the 65 delegates and advisers.

External Affairs officer Mick Shand, who was directed to attend to details for the comfort of delegates, cabled to find out in advance if they had any special food fads. He ordered a special supply of rice for the Indian and Pakistan delegates.

He also obtained tennis balls for the Hector McNeills, who are enthusiastic players.

Most interesting personalities were Viscount Addison, Hector McNeill, the youngest member of the British Cabinet, and nine slim young men who quickly became known as "the Foreign Office boys."

These "boys" were voted by waiters and waitresses the nicest guests they've seen for a long time because they are so considerate of others. They wouldn't eat the four small squares of butter on their breakfast table until they had in-



S.C.O.F. COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF returned to Australia for the Peace Conference in Japan. He is one of the advisers in Canberra. Pictures by staff photographers.

quired whether or not they had to leave enough to provide for a second sitting.

Viscount Addison, who is 78, is Secretary for Commonwealth Relations in the British Cabinet.

He is an impressive man with bright hazel eyes.

His most distinguished characteristic is his superb urbanity.

Within the first few minutes of his Press conference when he arrived in Canberra, he made it clear that he deals only in facts. He answered factual questions quickly and concisely, but calmly refused to answer any "curly ones."

Hector McNeill, former night editor of the Scottish edition of the "Daily Express," was the second handsomest man at the conference.

The handsomest was decidedly South African Minister for Justice Mr. Harry Lawrence.

Hector McNeill is 37 years old and, according to his wife, who accompanied him to Australia, "terribly keen about politics."

During the afternoon of the McNeills' first day in Australia, Lieutenant-General Robertson, who came over from Japan to act as one of Australia's advisers at the conference, met them hurrying off to a film.

When he asked them why they had decided to spend their first afternoon watching a film, Mrs. McNeill replied: "Because I can hold my husband's hand!"

In Canberra Mrs. McNeill told me a visit to the pictures is a rare family pleasure because her husband is usually busy with constituency affairs after he leaves the House of Commons each day, and she has household duties as well as her husband's secretarial work to attend to.

"We love a good picture or play, but we rarely have time to see one," she said.

Mrs. McNeill, who is small, slim, and blue-eyed, with curly brown hair, a high forehead, and a beautifully straight nose, did a secretarial course after she obtained her degree so that she would be equipped to act as her husband's secretary.

Mr. McNeill, who is the youngest member of the British Parliament, is robustly handsome, with straight, brushed-back brown hair, a good-humored mouth, and thoroughly alive hazel eyes, emphasised by a straight eyebrow over the right eye and a sharply curved one over the left.

One of the advisers to the Canadian delegation told me: "You think McNeill's mind is way off in Scotland until he suddenly interrupts



CANBERRA SUNSHINE in the grounds of Government House makes a pleasant setting for informal chat between Australia's Governor-General, Mr. McKell and British Minister for State Mr. Hector McNeill.



WIVES of prominent diplomats in Canberra talk to Lieut.-General Robertson, adviser to the Australian delegation at the Empire Peace Conference. From left: Mrs. Hector McNeill, wife of British Minister for State; Mrs. H. V. Ewart, wife of Australia's Minister for External Affairs; and Mrs. Hubner, wife of Chilean Minister.



BRIGADIER SHER ALI KHAN, military adviser to Pakistan delegate, brother of cricketer Pataudi.

DIPLOMATS



General H. C. H. Robertson, returned after a 14 months' absence from the Australian delegation in London. Photographer Reg Russell.

delegates with a downright sensible suggestion."

His adviser described the conference as a "peaceful and well-organised show with all the delegates showing good sense."

The "Foreign Office boys" were led by Australian-born Norman Macmillan who left Australia in 1904 when he was nineteen, and is said to have a "magnificent knowledge" of British Foreign Policy.

This is his first trip back to Australia.

"I usually leave representation to others, but I decided I would come to Australia," he told me.

He is a former newspaper man who worked on a Geelong (Victoria) paper and later on a number of London British papers. He joined the Foreign Office in 1920.

Macmillan is one of the "Foreign Office boys" who are the personification of bland British reserve right through the conference.

They chatted informally with me for long periods, but the more I tried to ferret information from their conversations, invariably held in the Press Gallery minus me, the more they wanted.

Macmillan and the Foreign Office officials look much the same. Some are tall, others short, but they are all in their thirties, grooming and polished speaking voices.

One of the nine is the Hon. Charles Bruce, son of the person who was Lord Thurlow.

Seven women

The feminine contingent among the visitors numbered only seven. Lady Addison, Mrs. Hector McNeill, Mrs. Harry Lawrence, wife of the former South African diplomat, and four Foreign Office typists. Lady Addison is just as direct as her husband. A former free-lance journalist in London, she told me she had not done any serious writing for 12 years because she had "never enjoyed it."

Macmillan and Lady Addison live at their London flat during the week, and spend the week-ends at their country home in Buckinghamshire.

Lady Addison spends a lot of time listening to debates in the House of Lords.

Debates in the House of Lords, she said, were not as noisy or excitable as those in the House of Commons, but they were considered by many to be more interesting.

"They are very polite in the House of Commons, but they are also very efficient," Lady Addison said.

Mrs. Lawrence was beautifully dressed all the time she was in Canberra.



INFORMAL SHOT catches Australian Prime Minister Mr. Chifley enjoying a joke with British Secretary for Commonwealth Relations Lord Addison at Canberra. Lord Addison, who is 78, is oldest member of the Attlee Government.

Her clothes were all made in South Africa, and are suited to her tall, fair slenderness.

Busiest woman in Canberra during the conference was Mrs. Evatt, wife of Dr. Evatt.

Few Australians realise the aid she gives her scholarly husband. Always quiet, unhurried, and very well dressed, she accompanies her husband on his missions abroad.

When Dr. Evatt is busy at a conference, Mrs. Evatt is also busy. She attends as many official social gatherings as she can, and Dr. Evatt once said, during the days when he was called on to move from one conference to another, that he could never have coped with things without Mrs. Evatt's aid.

When I visited Mrs. Evatt one morning during the conference she was pouring morning tea for guests.

She answered all the questions I asked her, gave me tea, arranged early lunch for her daughter Rosalind, who was going off to tennis, and answered the phone repeatedly. She had more visitors coming after lunch, and later in the afternoon with Dr. Evatt received nearly 300 guests at a reception at Parliament House.

One of the most popular guests at Dr. and Mrs. Evatt's reception at Parliament House was Brigadier Sher Ali Khan, a brother of the Nawab of Patnauli, who was in Australia with the 1932-33 English Test team.

The Brigadier was military adviser to the Pakistan delegation at the conference. He is slim, like his famous brother, and appeared to move round Parliament House and the Hotel Canberra almost as lightly and rapidly as "Pat" moved when fielding on the boundary.

When I was introduced to the Brigadier at the reception, he said: "I suppose you want to ask me about 'Pat'." Well, I'll tell you. He is well. Also, I like cricket, but I don't play half as well as 'Pat'."

Two interesting members of the delegation from the new India were Sir Shub Rama Arai, India's repre-

sentative in Tokio with the rank of Ambassador, and Brigadier Shrinageh, a graduate of Cambridge and Sandhurst.

The military advisers, the Canadian Air Force representatives, and Lieutenant-General Robertson spent a lot of time talking together during their leisure hours.

After watching the unhurried efficiency of the delegations to the conference, I left Canberra with the feeling that the British Commonwealth of Nations will contribute much at the final discussions on the Japanese peace settlement.



BRIGADIER SHRINAGEH, military adviser to the Indian delegation, who is a graduate of Cambridge and Sandhurst.



DR. EVATT, Minister for External Affairs, addresses the Conference at the official opening of the talks on the proposed Japanese Peace Settlement. Prime Minister Mr. Chifley is at right and Minister for Defence Mr. Dedman on left. This was the only occasion when sessions were not held in camera.

Distressed by lack of sympathy

I AM 22 years of age, have been married for over a year, and am expecting a baby in November. Up till now I have been completely happy making plans for the lovely event ahead, but now in these later months I find it a strain to do shopping.

I look younger than I am, and wear my hair in an unsophisticated style.

This, combined with flat-heeled shoes and short stature, gives the impression that I am about 18.

To-day I walked town looking for a smock and a dressing-gown, and found all my usual pleasure in a shopping expedition squashed by the uplifted brows and smug rudeness of some shop assistants.

Perhaps I am extra sensitive now, but why must these ill-mannered women show clearly that they suspect a pregnant young woman of being unmarried?

If that were the case, I should need their tact and sympathy even more than I do, and I hate to think of an unmarried girl trying to shop and retain her peace of mind at the same time.

Finally, I must convey my heartfelt thanks to those few assistants who shared my pleasure, and tried their hardest to help me.

5/- to Mrs. P.S., Malvern, Vic.

Dull side out

SINCE so many women wear silk stockings inside out, I wonder that manufacturers have not taken the hint and reversed the seam to the shiny side. We should all appreciate it, since stockings look better worn dull side out, are more flattering, and we should not then have the ugly seam to spoil the appearance.

5/- to Cath Lott, Fair View, Egg Lagoon, King Island.

What's on your mind?

Got them set

USUALLY the hairdresser has a client for a hair-set every half-hour.

Women who make these appointments and arrive 20 minutes late disrupt the whole day's schedule.

Ten minutes only is left in which to rush through the set, and with thick hair this is almost impossible, and so following clients are kept waiting.

Sometimes appointments are broken or delayed with good reason, but often there is no excuse at all.

5/- to T. A. Gill, No. 10 Gelfroy Flats, Outram St., West Perth, W.A.

Morning visitors

IN spite of having a big family to care for, I can, by keeping to strict schedule, finish my housework and be freshly bathed, dressed, and ready for visitors each afternoon.

The friends and neighbors who pop in during the morning are the bane of my existence.

I have to switch off the vacuum-cleaner, put on the kettle, and later in the day prepare a scratch lunch.



The only thing which prevents me from doing these visitors harm is the code of hospitality which says that, come hell-or-high-water, a guest must be honored.

When does a popper-in do her housework? And where does she go in the afternoon? For you are never invited to her place to return the visit.

5/- to Mrs. Madge Morris, 43 Ross St., Forest Lodge, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Watch your gun

OF recent years there has been an alarming number of fatalities among young boys as the result of careless handling of firearms, both at home and on shooting parties.

It would seem that a campaign is long overdue to instruct youths and their parents in the correct use of firearms.

Parents have an important duty in seeing that only boys who understand the responsibilities entailed should be allowed to own rifles.

Such a campaign should include teaching boys to walk abreast while out shooting and never in single file; to unload a rifle immediately shooting is finished; and never to point a gun at anyone under any circumstances, even if they are certain that the gun is not loaded.

5/- to Mrs. M. Davis, 2 James St., North Geelong, Vic.

Hair styles for housewives

SOAP manufacturers introduced the idea of publishing booklets with instructions for knitting garments as an advertisement for their products, and they have been most helpful.

Couldn't some hairdressing estab-

lishment or shampoo manufacturer sponsor the publication of booklets giving illustrations of current fashions in hairdressing?

Women become so tired of their usual hair style, but not all have the money and time to have their hair done each week at a hairdresser's. They would welcome small booklets, selling at about a shilling, giving simple styles for straight, curly, or long hair, and instructions on arranging plaits and curls.

There could also be separate books with elaborate styles for the woman who dresses for occasions, and would like them copied by her hairdresser, but I for one am only concerned with simple styles to be practised at home.

5/- to Mrs. M. Colbran, 93 Homer St., Earlwood, N.S.W.

Baby shows

I HAVE just been to a baby show, and have never come across anything else that could cause so much unpleasantness.

Everything went well until the announcement of the prize-winners. There was the usual burst of clap-



ping for the first two, then dead silence as each mother realised her precious infant had not won a prize.

The blank amazement on each mother's face was pitiful to behold.

In my opinion, baby shows are up-setters of tempers, spreaders of infection, and should be banned if for no other reason than the health of the babes.

5/- to Mrs. F. Stagatch, 15 Ozene St., Alberton, S.A.

Good pay for working on commission

IN your issue of 19/7/47 Mrs. West deals with selling on commission, and calls it profiteering on disabled war veterans.

I sold on commission for 50 years, and am now 79 years of age, so should know something about it. It is the fairest method of working I know.

If you are a good salesman and work hard, you get good money.

The life is free, with no boss to dictate when and how you work. You haven't got to sell for someone else. You can go to a warehouse and buy your own goods. It pays sometimes to give the other chap a cut on lines you cannot get hold of yourself. If he had the opportunity, brains, and capital to get those lines, surely he deserves a cut.

All men are not suited for salesmanship. Some are discouraged by the first setback.

This life, I think, would be quite good for the returned man who is not in full health. It takes him outdoors, occupies his mind, and the Returned Servicemen's League is there to help and advise him.

I started on the work in ill-health, but as my health improved, worked full time, and made enough money to buy my own home and a business.

Can you blame me for not liking criticism of the system?

5/- to J. P. Willis, 15 Parramatta Rd., Haberfield, N.S.W.

Special baths

CRIPPLED and aged people have difficulty in getting in and out of the ordinary bath-tub. The sides are often too high, and the actual surface of the bath is sometimes slippery and dangerous. Perhaps special baths could be made to eliminate such difficulties.

5/- to Miss Minna Sudholz, Keane St., Mount Helena, W.A.



NOT A SIGN OF DECAY... yet he lost two teeth through neglected gums

NOW! NO MORE NEEDLESS EXTRACTIONS

IF YOU USE THIS NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE CALLED



S.R.

S.R. CONTAINS SODIUM RICINOLEATE - WHICH IS USED BY DENTISTS WHEN TREATING INFLAMED, BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND GUM ROT (PYORRHEA)

It's easy, it's pleasant—right in your own bathroom S.R. gives teeth and gums the same treatment dentists use.

You may have the strongest, whitest teeth in the world—but if your gums are unhealthy, those flawless teeth are doomed. Dentists say that gum trouble leads to more extractions than actual decay. And it can happen so easily! Gums start to bleed, become sore and spongy, gum rot sets in and, almost before you know it, a sound tooth must be extracted. Now there's no need to risk it! Use the new kind of toothpaste called S.R. Brush your teeth with it—you'll be amazed how much whiter they look. Rub a little S.R. into your gums. S.R. Toothpaste, containing Sodium Ricinoleate, heals and hardens gums, makes loose teeth firm, often after only a few days. Get a tube of S.R. right away!

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS (taken from Guy's Hospital Gazette) SHOW HOW SODIUM RICINOLEATE IMPROVES TEETH AND GUMS



Condition before treatment.



Fourteen days later, after daily application of Sodium Ricinoleate.



S.R. TOOTHPASTE SAVES YOUR TEETH BECAUSE IT GUARDS YOUR GUMS

J. KITCHEN & SONS, PTY. LTD.

S.R.2.31

Styled in Moygashel

*The sought-after
fashion fabrics*

Cool, crisp and crease-resisting,

MOYGASHEL Fabrics will wash and wash
without losing their original charm.

Available in a fascinating range of fast colours,

MOYGASHEL is the perfect material for
sportswear, children's wear, suits or dresses.

MOYGASHEL
FABRICS
PURE IRISH LINENS AND IRISH SPUN RAYONS



STEVENSON & SON LTD., DUNGANNON, CO. TYRONE; REGENT STREET, LONDON

REPRESENTATIVES: H. W. BEVAN & CO. PTY. LTD., SYDNEY & MELBOURNE

ANNE said rather awkwardly. "What I mean to say is I don't know why I came to you, because I know you're not in sympathy with my conviction that Bill is innocent."

"Oh," Bradley said.

"You won't approve of my trying to find the guilty person because you think you have him in Bill."

"I don't approve of amateurs playing detective," Bradley said reprovingly, "but I've never been able to stop anyone. Have you found some clues, Mrs. Potter?" There was gentle irony in his voice.

"I don't know," Anne said. "May I tell you what I've done?"

"Please."

She told him of her visit to Gilman and subsequently to Ferris. She told him about Mr. Zak and his warning and the sheet of paper on

the telephone pad. She couldn't tell whether he was interested or not.

"Gilman's alibi is copper-riveted," he said, finally. "I don't like alibis, Mrs. Potter. Having an alibi when you're a possible suspect in a murder case is too much like a coincidence, and I don't like coincidences either. But Gilman's alibi can't be broken."

"As for the girl, Pay Lewis, she has no alibi. She was shopping later she may dig up somebody who remembers seeing her—a salesgirl, a floor manager. Maybe the alibi will be for the right time and maybe it won't. She could have a motive, as you suggest. Jealousy. But there isn't a shred of evidence to point to her. Now Ferris. Ferris interests me."

"You've checked on him?" Anne asked. She had pictured Bradley seizing on Bill and refusing to look anywhere else.

"Mercy," Bradley said with a chuckle. "We check on everyone in my business, Mrs. Potter. Ferris was Rose Gilman's boss. Would I overlook him?"

"I suppose not."

"Ferris has no alibi for the time, which, I repeat, is nothing against him. People don't go round having themselves watched so they have alibis. But Ferris is peevish and quick-tem-

pered. From all I can gather, he was madly in love with Rose Gilman. Reports have it she liked him, but whether for personal or business reasons I don't know. One thing that makes me think it was for business reasons is that she apparently never mentioned Ferris to your husband, and your husband was a willing listener to all her troubles."

Anne felt her cheeks grow hot. Bradley went on as if he were unaware of it.

"Ferris has the temperament that might go with murder. But again, there is no evidence against him."

"And so you concentrate on Bill because his fingerprints are on a bottle they would have to be on," Anne said bitterly.

"And because he was mixed up with a woman and hiding it from his wife, and because he can't account for his time, and because he had given the woman his address and she had obviously come there to see him. Because that suggests an appointment, and a quarrel, and murder."

Anne felt herself grow cold and weary. "What about Mr. Zak?" she asked.

Bradley's eyes narrowed. For the first time he showed real interest. "You have introduced Mr. Zak to the case," he said. "I wish I knew how highly colored your description of his behaviour is, Mrs. Potter."

"You mean you think I'm lying to you?"

"Certainly not. But I can't gauge how much of your report on Mr. Zak is real and how much the result of your overwrought imagination. I know Manny Zak. He's a gambler and bookmaker, Mrs. Potter. He

makes his living by placing bets on the horses for people in office buildings and hotels. He's a crook, but he's nothing much to worry about."

"Then you don't think—"

"I don't know," Bradley said. He looked at Anne earnestly. "I don't think it's necessary to indulge in Manny's type of melodrama, Mrs. Potter. In other words, I don't think you need to go away somewhere without leaving an address. You'll want to be here to stand by your husband. I'm grateful for the information about Zak, but I urge you not to play detective. It won't pay, Mrs. Potter. You don't know the ropes."

Before she left, Anne had asked Bradley for permission to see Bill, and had been told that Bill was being questioned. It would be late afternoon before she could see him. Her concern must have shown in Anne's face, because Bradley had smiled reassuringly.

"Questioning Mrs. Potter, means just that. Don't distress yourself with visions of a Hollywood film-director's third degree."

Out on the street once more, Anne felt deflated and at a loose end. She decided to go home.

She went down into the station and on to the platform. It was moderately crowded, and she moved up toward the front end of the station. She walked to the edge of the platform and looked back down the tracks into the tunnel.

Her mind drifted to a problem quite apart from the murder—the problem of her and Bill's relationship. This business had made it clear that there was something missing. She loved Bill completely and without reservation. But what about Bill? There was something lacking for him, or there would have been no Rose Gilman. She must find out what that something was. She must use all her love and understanding to make it up.

She turned to look at herself in the glass of a weighing machine. Perhaps she had grown old and unattractive without being aware of it.

She couldn't see herself in the mirror, however, because a man was blocking it out, a man with a newspaper held in front of him, spread at full length. She turned and came face to face with another man with a newspaper spread out in the same fashion. She turned again. She was hedged in. Distantly she heard the rumble of the approaching train.

Then Anne's heart stopped beating and turned to ice. The two men with the newspapers moved slowly forward toward the edge of the platform. She was between them and the platform's edge. They seemed to be crowding her closer and closer toward the edge.

This, she told herself, is insane. Bradley was right. I'm seeing something sinister in everything that happens.

They were close now. An elbow pushed against her from one side. She turned the other way. Man and newspaper blocked her path solidly. The roar of the train grew louder. It was almost at the station.

Wild, insane terror swept over Anne. She screamed. She tried to force her way past the men. She bent at the newspapers with her clenched fists. For one terrible minute she felt herself being pushed backwards toward the brink—toward the tracks over which the train wheels would come grinding in a matter of seconds. Her voice was raised in a piercing clamor of fear.

Then suddenly the resistance toward her plunge for safety evaporated. She stumbled past the men to the back of the platform. The train thundered in.

Someone was saying, "What's the matter, lady? Don't you feel well?" "Those men," she said, her teeth chattering. "Those men with the newspapers."

She looked back. There were dozens of men, some with papers, some without. They were all crowding on to the train. Doors slammed. The train moved.

Anne felt her knees buckling. Her questioner was a boy of fifteen or sixteen with a pile of schoolbooks under his arm.

THE boy was eyeing Anne uneasily. "Perhaps you're sick," he said awkwardly. "Perhaps you ought to take a taxi or something. Could I help you?"

"No—no, thanks," Anne said. "I felt a little faint for a moment. I'm all right."

The boy went away. It occurred to Anne that she probably owed her life to that boy. She felt a clammy dampness all over her body. But her legs were strong enough now to hold her up, to carry her up into the street, and straight back to Bradley's office.

The detective was surprised to see her back so soon. He listened to her story, told almost incoherently. She saw sympathy in his face—sympathy and disbelief.

"You think I invented this—that I imagined it?" she said.

"You had a shock yesterday—finding the body—that very few people could have withstood as well as you did," he said gently. "You ran into some rather odd behaviour on the part of Ferris and Zak this morning. Believe me, I understand what's happening to your nerves."

"Listen," Anne said angrily. "I'm not inventing this. It's not nerves. These two men crowded me. They held their newspapers up so that I couldn't see them and so that I was actually hidden from other people on the platform. When I tried to get through, they made a solid wall against me, a wall that began pushing me back toward the edge."

"If it had taken me seconds longer to realise what was happening, it would have been too late. The train would have made so much noise, no one would have heard me screaming and noticed the struggle."

"I know," he said. "I know."

"For pity's sake, don't talk to me like a psychiatrist humoring a lunatic! I tell you it happened!"

"All right, Mrs. Potter, it happened," Bradley's voice hardened. "Why?"

"Why had it happened? Why had two men wanted to kill her? There was no reason for it. And yet."

"Extraordinary nerve strain produces fantasies," Mrs. Potter, Bradley said when she'd failed to answer his question. "I'm going to send you home in one of our cars. If you like, I'll station a man at your home."

"No—no, that isn't necessary, I—"

She was beginning to believe that perhaps it was all imagination—the men on the platform; even the sinister quality she had sensed in Mr. Zak and Ferris.

"I suggest that when you get home you take a sedative and try to rest," Bradley went on in his quiet voice. "When they're finished questioning your husband, I'll notify you and we'll make arrangements for you to see him."

"I'm sorry if I've made a nuisance of myself," Anne said. "I suppose I'm a little confused at the moment. I—"

She couldn't go on.

Bradley called in a sergeant and made arrangements for the car to drive her home. She felt foolish about even that now, but she hadn't the strength to argue about it. Bradley introduced her to the two policemen in the car. She sat between them.

When they got to her building, Fallon, one of the men got out.

"I'll come up with you and see that everything's O.K.," he said. "You don't have to," she said. "Inspector's orders," he said.

Please turn to page 28



W215.19





A great assortment of 12 delectable varieties in two layers...

"Mandarin Cream"

First you'll be intrigued by the distinctive shape of this chocolate—and then you'll be thrilled with its smooth, mandarin-flavoured cream centre and its rich "Old Gold" Chocolate coating.

"Old Gold" CHOCOLATES

IN $\frac{1}{2}$ LB. BOXES

Don't they make your mouth water? "Butter Crunch," "Raspberry Marshmallow," "Cherry Ripe Square," "Mandarin Cream"... these are just four of the twelve delectable varieties in this great assortment. Every variety is lavishly coated with "OLD GOLD" Chocolate... the smoothest, richest-tasting chocolate of them all.

CHOCOLATE IS A FOOD... nourishing and sustaining. Mac, Robertson's Chocolate is rich in tissue-building proteins and particularly high in essential energising food elements.



All made by

MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery

Fond of $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. blocks? ... Four more favourites



"Milk, Fruit and Nut"

Just crammed with the nourishment of creamy milk chocolate plus fresh, juicy sultanas and crisp, crunchy nuts.

"Extra Cream"

Like everyone else, the moment you taste this delicious milk chocolate, you'll say "You can taste the EXTRA CREAM." That's because there's EXTRA FULL-CREAM milk in every block of this solid milk chocolate.



"Snack"

The only chocolate block with these four exciting centres—Cream Caramel, Strawberry Cream, Turkish Delight, Fruit Sundae.

"Old Gold" Block

Richer, smoother chocolate, because it is so carefully refined and matured. Highly sustaining too—energy available from each $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. block is 389 calories.



FALLON

followed Anne up the stairs and she unlocked the front door. Everything was just as she had left it. Fallon satisfied himself the place was empty.

"You look as if you could do with a little sleep," he said, and went out.

She locked the door after him and went back to the bedroom. She put her hat and coat in the wardrobe and stretched out on the bed. She pulled the folded eiderdown up over her and closed her eyes.

Presently she felt herself dozing, and then . . .

She was back on the subway platform . . . her feet felt heavy, as though they were weighted with iron . . . there was a loud roaring sound . . . that would be the train . . . a monstrous train with screaming red lights that grew larger and larger as they approached. She tried to move back and the red lights followed her like hot red eyes . . . She turned to run and she couldn't move, because her feet were so heavy and because two gargoyle-like creatures with great bat wings blocked her way . . .

The red eyes of the train were hot now, hot against the back of her neck . . . The engineer of the train was ringing a bell, a loud warning bell . . . The bell was louder and louder, warning her . . . The cold slimy bat wings folded around her . . . Then she recognised the engineer . . . It was Bradley . . . The gargoyles evaporated . . . Her feet were suddenly light . . . She almost flew toward safety . . .

But the warning bell of the train stayed close behind her . . . loud, loud!

Anne sat bolt upright in bed! She was wringing wet with perspiration. Her heart was pounding crazily. She could still hear the bell. She could still . . . She laughed a little hysterically. It was the telephone! It was nearly three-thirty. She'd slept for almost three hours.

Still a little shaky from the dream, she got up and went out into the hall to answer the phone. She hoped it would be Bradley, telling her that Bill could see her now. She picked up the receiver.

"Mrs. Potter?" It was a man's voice.

"Yes."

"This is Jimmy Ferris," the voice said.

For a moment she couldn't answer.

She ran her tongue over her lips to moisten them. "Yes, Mr. Ferris."

"I wanted to apologise, Mrs. Potter," Ferris said. "I'm afraid I was rude this morning. I—well, I was drunk."

"It doesn't matter," Anne said.

"But it does," Ferris said. "You see, I was very fond of Rose. When I heard what had happened to her, I went to pieces."

"That's understandable," Anne said. "In any case, I—"

"I want to talk to you," Ferris said. "I know your husband's in trouble. I think I can tell you things that will help him."

"If you know anything," Anne said, "the police will—"

"I can't talk to the police, Mrs. Potter. The things I know are very personal, very private. I can't tell them to the police. But you might be able to use what I know without making it public. May I come and see you?" He sounded genuine.

Anne hesitated. She didn't want to see him alone, and yet if he did have information—she could telephone Bradley the moment

she hung up and he'd advise her what to do.

"When do you want to see me?" she asked.

"Now, at once. I'm not far away."

"Well—"

"You won't regret it," Ferris said. "I think I can clear your husband entirely."

"Very well," Anne said. "Give me about ten minutes. I've just been asleep."

"I'll be there to ten minutes."

Anne dialled Bradley's number.

"The Inspector's gone out, Mrs. Potter," she was told. "Where can I reach him?"

"I couldn't say."

"When do you expect him back?"

"I couldn't say that either."

"Will you ask him to phone me the instant he comes in?"

Anne went to the bathroom and re-did her hair and face. The door bell sounded. That would be Jimmy Ferris.

Ferris had only partly pulled himself together. His tie was straightened out and he'd put on an old tweed jacket. He hadn't brushed his hair. His eyes were bloodshot and his face was so white Anne felt certain he'd been sick.

"I'm grateful to you for seeing me, Mrs. Potter," he said. He had to look slightly upwards to meet her eyes. He was tiny.

He walked straight past her into the living-room. He stood just inside the living-room door, staring round.

"So it was here," he said.

"Yes."

"Poor Rose! She was so lovely! You never saw her, Mrs. Potter, before—before it happened?"

"No," Anne said. "His hands were shaking. He jammed them deep into the pockets of his coat. Suddenly he turned and looked straight at her."

"How did you happen to come to see me, Mrs. Potter?"

"I understood you were Rose Gilman's employer. I—"

"Did your husband tell you that?"

"No. It was Howard Gilman."

Ferris' eyes seemed to burn. "That rat! That dirty rat!" he said. "He has no interest in the world, Mrs. Potter, except adding one beautiful woman after another to his string. He doesn't care about them. He just wants to be seen with them! Irresistible Gilman!"

He started to sit on the couch, then straightened up as though he'd been burned. Rose had been murdered on that couch. He must have known from the account in the papers, Anne thought. She hadn't seen the papers.

Something was happening to Anne, though. That same cold terror she'd felt on the railway platform was creeping over her.

Model Murder

Continued from page 26

"You said you had something to tell me," she said huskily.

"Yes, Yes. But first, Mrs. Potter, you thought I could tell you something, or you wouldn't have come to see me." His eyes were red and hot.

"I hoped you could," she said.

"Gilman seemed to think—"

"Never mind Gilman," he said sharply. "You waited quite a while in my reception-room before Manny found you."

"Not long. In fact, hardly any time at all. I—"

"Did you make a written and sworn statement to the police, Mrs. Potter, about your visit to me? I have to know before I can tell you what I came to tell you."

"No, I didn't make any sworn statement. There wasn't anything to—"

"Then, even if you told them about the pad, Mrs. Potter, it won't do any good."

"The pad?" Anne said.



"Stop stalling, Mrs. Potter." He was rocking on his heels. She remembered pictures she'd seen of a cobra, swaying gently back and forth, with hot red eyes, ready to strike. "Even if you told them, without a sworn statement, they can't prove anything. Because Manny has the paper. Do you see, Mrs. Potter?"

"I don't see, and I don't like the way you're acting," Anne said. "It was a mistake having you here."

"Yes, Mrs. Potter, it was a mistake having me here." He laughed. "Perhaps you were too stupid to put two and two together, even after you saw the paper."

"But I didn't see it, I tell you, I—"

"Oh, no. You didn't see it! That's why you went straight to the police. You knew, didn't you, that I killed Rose? You knew, as soon as you saw it, that I'd followed her here. Your precious husband was one too many, Mrs. Potter! I was going to have it out with both of them, but he wasn't here. So I had it out with Rose, and she told me how she really felt."

Anne tried to run, and couldn't. She couldn't move. There was a roaring sound in her ears.

"She called me a miserable under-sized little squirt," Ferris said. He recited it, like something he'd committed to memory. "She said she'd always hated me; that it had always made her flesh crawl when I touched her. She said she'd only been nice to me because I could help her in her profession. She told me about other men, and laughed when she saw what the telling was doing to me. So I killed her, and I fixed it so no one would want to make love to her again."

For a moment a childlike, almost puzzled look came over his face. "You understand, don't you? You understand why I had to do it? She'd fooled me from the first day I ever told her I loved her. I did love

her, you know. I did love her, very much."

Anne drew on every last ounce of courage she had to keep her voice level. He was mad, totally mad. Her one chance was to make him believe she understood.

"It was cruel of her," she said. "I don't see how anyone could blame you."

The childish look was wiped off his face. "That's clever, Mrs. Potter. That's very clever. Wheedle me! Go ahead. Humor me! Go ahead!"

She had no voice—no strength left.

Then Ferris began to scream. "Curse you! You and your interfering!" His hand came out of his pocket. In it was a large size pocket knife. He pressed a button and a glittering blade snapped open. He sprang straight at her. She couldn't move. She opened her mouth but no sound came.

There was a shattering noise and Ferris seemed to crumple in mid-air. He fell at her feet. There was an unfamiliar acrid smell in the room.

Anne began to sway. From far off she heard a voice.

"Inspector! He moved so fast!" It was Fallon, the policeman.

Then an arm went round Anne's shoulders and held her firmly. A gentle, reassuring voice spoke in her ear: "Take it easy, Mrs. Potter. It's all over."

On the way in a taxi to arrange for Bill's release, Inspector Bradley pieced the story together for Anne.

"I took your account of Ferris and Zak more seriously than I wanted you to know, Mrs. Potter," he said. "But even then I didn't expect an attack on you. It was nearly a fatal mistake on my part. But, in a way, it told me the story. I could guess, then, what was going on, and I think my guess will stand up."

"Zak is a crook in a small way, as I told you. But small or big, still a crook."

I think what was written on that pad, Mrs. Potter, was your husband's address. Ferris had had a row with Rose, probably about him. She must have indicated that she planned to go to see Mr. Potter. After she left, Ferris decided to have it out with both of them.

"My guess is he looked up your husband's address and wrote it down. Having written it down, he didn't need the slip of paper because he could remember the address."

"But why didn't he destroy it, then?" Anne asked.

"No need to," Bradley said. "He wasn't planning to murder anyone. He was just going to have a showdown. Rose came to your home to see Mr. Potter—we may never know just why. He wasn't there, but she found the door on the latch and went in to wait. When Ferris arrived, she let him in, thinking, no doubt, it was Mr. Potter. The murder was done in an insane rage when she told Ferris what she really thought of him. After that, he forgot all about the telephone pad. He just went and got drunk."

"Zak probably turned up the next morning. Ferris often bet on the horses. Zak fell into something. When he saw that address, he knew Ferris was a murderer, and his twisted little mind foresaw a lifetime of blackmail—provided you, too, hadn't seen the slip of paper. He didn't think you had, but he wasn't taking chances. He sobered Ferris up and told him what the situation was. They had to get rid of you and Ferris had to help, or else."

"It was going to be 'or else' for the rest of Ferris' life. They didn't think you'd seen the paper, but they did think your suspicion might have been roused by Zak's tearing the sheet off the pad. Zak wasn't an expert at intrigue. They tried to kill you on the railway platform, Mrs. Potter. Failing that, Ferris

NEW SERIAL HAS UNUSUAL SETTING

SWITZERLAND is the setting of our new serial, "And Then He Went Away," by Thelma Strabel, opening instalment of which will appear next week.

Poignantly written, it is the dramatic story of Margrit Kroll, American-born Swiss girl, who, after the war, finds no peace but only torturing anxiety as to the fate of the young airman she loves.

The story develops absorbingly with the efforts of a young Occupation Army sergeant to help Margrit solve the mystery that clouds her life, while an interesting feature of it is the unfolding of unexpected problems faced by neutral countries in the war.

Watch for the opening instalment in next week's issue.

came here to make sure of the job."

"But you didn't believe that I'd been attacked on the platform," Anne said.

"I did, Mrs. Potter, but I didn't want to frighten you more than you were. You see, I had to use you for bait. Fallon was outside on the fire escape all the time after you got home. The other man was in the hall. You were safe, but we had to use you. If you'd known, I don't think you could have carried it off."

"There'll be no complication about Bill? With Ferris dead, will you be able to prove—"

"We got his confession to you, word for word. There'll be no difficulty." He looked down at her and smiled. "It's none of my business, Mrs. Potter, but perhaps some good will come of this. Perhaps if this hadn't happened, it would have been too late soon—"

"You mean for Bill and me?"

He nodded. She looked at him and the fear was gone from her eyes. "I love him, Inspector. Everything will be all right between us from now on."

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Stinging CRACKED LIPS

SOOTHED & HEALED

After a week-end outdoors my lips were cracked and sore. I'm no navy, but believe me it was absolute agony when I tried to talk.

I needed relief from that painful stinging, quickly. So I used Rexona Ointment. She said, "I almost smooth this on my lips — it's really wonderful!"

I was amazed at the result. That cool, medicated ointment melted away the agonising pain immediately, and healed my cracked lips in an hour.

So now I always smear on Rexona before going out. It protects my lips from painful exposure, and keeps them soft and smooth.

THE RAPID HEALER

Rexona

1/6 OINTMENT

A JAR (City & Suburb)

Rexona's SIX healing ingredients make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.

THESE ARE DULL DAYS FOR ME! GRITTY CLEANSERS ARE MAKING ME OLD AND SHABBY LONG BEFORE MY TIME

Clean Smoothly with

VIM

—NEVER SCRATCHES

SEE ME SPARKLE! I'M ALWAYS CLEANED WITH VIM THANKS TO ITS FINE SOAP-COATED PARTICLES! STAY LIKE NEW YEAR AFTER YEAR

VIM

Thrills! Thrills!! Thrills!!! Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine 1/-

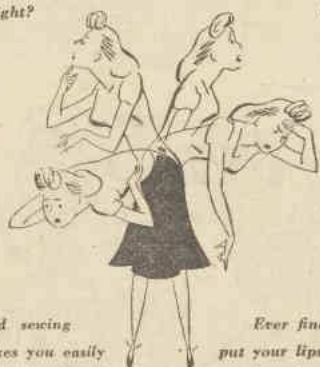


Does reading the evening paper develop strained eyes and a crick in your neck? Do you feel tired and "dopey" after an hour's reading at night?



Poor light makes home-work harder — puts unnecessary strain on young eyes. The eyesight of your kiddies is all-important. Guard it well.

Check up on your



home-lighting



Do you find sewing at night makes you easily fatigued and "head-achy"? Eyestrain contributes to general fatigue and weariness.



Ever find you haven't put your lips on straight? —that the colour scheme that looks well in the bedroom looks terrible in the living-room?

Look around your home now and carefully check the spots where you need right-size Mazda lamps . . . for more comfortable living and to protect your family's eyes. Your central living-room fitting needs 200 watts of lighting to do justice to your furnishings. In the floor-stand lamp beside your favourite armchair use a 100-watt Mazda. Give your kiddies a 100-watt Mazda when they do their home-work. Equip your dressing-table with two standard lamps, using a 100-watt Mazda in each. Get your lighting well in hand. Ask your retailer for the lamp that stays brighter longer — Mazda.



MAZDA

ELECTRIC LAMPS

Stay Brighter Longer

Advertisement of
AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PROPRIETARY LTD. — Distributors for THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON CO. LTD., ENGLAND



FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"JANINE." Sun frock and bolero

This sun frock and bolero are designed in a pleasing novelty rayon. Colors are maize ground with small flower design in blue, green, brown, and white; or aqua ground with crimson, white, and yellow flowers. On lime ground with red, yellow, and white flowers. On pale grey ground with red, yellow, and green flowers.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 69/11 (13 coupons); 35 to 38in. bust, 73/11 (13 coupons). Postage 1/9d. extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 48/6 (13 coupons); 35 to 38in. bust, 51/9 (13 coupons). Postage 1/9d. extra.

N.B.—When ordering "Janine," please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

Fashion PATTERNS

F4836.—Afternoon dress with an elegant drape. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yards, 36in. material. Pattern price 1/10.

F4837.—Three-piece beach casual. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 yards, 36in. material for skirt; 1 1/2 yards, 36in. material for shorts; 1 yard, 36in. material for suntop. Pattern price, 1/11 complete.

F4838.—Sun dress with long torso look. Can be worn with or without its bolero jacket. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yards, 36in. material for frock; 1 1/2 yards, 36in. material for bolero. Pattern price 1/11 complete.

F4839.—Ideal one-piece for summer days. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yards, 36in. material. Pattern price 1/10.

F4835.—Two-piece pyjama suit; the neckline is square and lace-trimmed. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yards, 36in. material and 1 yard, 36in. lace contrast. Pattern price 1/10.

* PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of orders by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. * State size required. * For children's patterns state age. * Use box numbers given on this page. * C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

F4835

F4836

F4837

F4839

F4838

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 907. DAINY FROCK FOR A LITTLE GIRL

The pattern for making the frock is clearly traced on a good wearing American striped cotton in lovely shades of green with white stripe; tan with white stripe; sage-blue with white stripe; dark beige with white stripe. Sizes 20in. length (2 to 4 yrs.), 9/11 (4 coupons); 23in. length (4 to 6 yrs.), 11/3 (4 coupons); 27in. length (6 to 8 yrs.), 12/11 (5 coupons). Postage 8d. extra.

No. 908. TRAYCLOTH AND SERVIETTE These come in a cream Irish linen with a most pretty design ready for you to embroider. The traycloth measures 11in. x 17in. and the serviette measures 11in. x 11in. Price of complete set 7/3 (comprising mat and serviette), no coupons. Extra serviettes may be obtained at 1/8 each. Postage 5d. extra.

No. 909. CUTEST BIBS FOR BABY

The set of three bibs are traced ready to embroider on a tea towelling with colored borders. Price 9d. ea. or set of three for 2/-. Postage 4d. extra.

N.B.—When ordering Needlework Notion No. 907, please make a second choice in color to avoid disappointment.



SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN. Three Attractive Blouses. Size 31in. bust only. No. 1—Requires 2yds. 30in. wide. No. 2—Requires 1 1/2yds. 36in. wide. No. 3—Requires 1 1/2yds. 36in. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State as under:
 Bus. 188A, G.P.O. Adelaide; Box 4910, G.P.O. Perth; Box 109F, G.P.O. Brisbane; Box 1850, G.P.O. Melbourne; Box 4056W, G.P.O. Sydney; Box 41, G.P.O. Newcastle. Tasmania. Box 1880, G.P.O. Melbourne. N.Z.: Box 4056W, G.P.O. Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
 STREET SUBURB
 TOWN STATE
 SIZE Pattern Coupon, 13/9/47.

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● Interviews with prospective employers are something of an ordeal, especially for those who are applying for their first job.

First impressions are important when staff is being engaged. Questions should be answered fully and frankly. Openness and honesty are always appreciated.

IN my mail this week was a letter from a girl seeking her first job.

She is confident about her qualifications, but is nervous about the actual interview.

"I INTEND to apply for my first job soon, and do so want to make the right impression. I have good qualifications, but realise how important the personal side can be in an interview. Could you give me some advice that would be helpful?"

Answer all questions fully and frankly, and keep your remarks as much to the point as possible.

If it is a man interviewing you, don't use your sex as a means of attracting interest. If it is a woman, treat her with the respect you would a man. Be natural, and don't try to exploit your personality.

State your qualifications without exaggeration, but don't underestimate them.

Wear simple, practical clothes, but make them look as smart as you can. Show yourself courteous and anxious to please.

That means listening attentively and intelligently while someone else does the talking; not sitting down before you are asked to; not fiddling with bag or other accessories; not asking for special privileges; and, last and most important, not being afraid of work.

"MY cousin, a girl of my own age, is staying with us. We have different friends, and her group have not made any effort to be friendly to me. Sometimes she asks me to go out with them, but I feel shy, and she never thinks of including one of my own friends in the party. Older people in the house think I am being unfriendly when I say I would rather stay at home. What should I do?"

You should make a point of asking your cousin to go out with you and your own friends. If she prefers her chosen circle, and does not accept your invitations, it will then be she and not you who earns the censure of your relations. As long as she is staying with your people it is your place to act as junior hostess, and try by every means in your power to make her visit happy and harmonious. Always remember that she is the guest.

"BOTH my parents are now very old, we live miles from anywhere, and, as they never want to go out, they don't think that I should go out either. I do all the work, am constantly at their beck and call, and have no time to myself. Although they could afford it, they make no effort to get help in the house, knowing that I will always look after them. Ours is an unhappy home, and the doctor has advised me to try to get away. But how can I?"

If this doctor were to have a serious talk with your parents he might point out the necessity of getting household help so that you could have a well-earned holiday. Once they realise that you really need a change, your parents will no doubt see that you have been working too hard, had very little fun, and thoroughly deserve a change.

"WHEN setting the table for dinner at home I always put the table napkin to the left of the knives and forks. Could you tell me if this is correct?"

It is considered correct to place table napkins in the centre of the space between the knives and forks. They should not be folded into elaborate shapes, but should be laid flat on the table. Only for important occasions is something more fancy considered correct.

"PERHAPS you will be able to help me. During the course of business I have come to know a girl very well—neither of us is yet 20. Our courting has all been done by telephone, as she works for another firm. Should I say I have fallen in love with her, and ask her if she has 'the same feelings'?"

It does not seem to me that there is very much future in falling in love with a voice, nor of telling its possessor that you have done so, and asking her if she is equally attracted to you. What you two need to do is to meet and to get to know each other as two real people, not just telephone voices. Do this, and then if you find she is the girl for you, tell her so.

"DO you think my husband would be suitably attired if he wore a Donegal suit to a wedding?"

It would be better, if possible, for him to wear a plain grey or dark-colored suit.

"LIVING in an isolated area where there aren't any young people of my own age, I have had to make friends through correspondence. On my recent birthday one young man to whom I write sent me a small gift. It will be his birthday soon, and I would like to send him something in return. What would you advise me to choose?"

A lavish or expensive present would only embarrass him, so let your gift be thoughtful, but inexpensive. There are handkerchiefs, books, and smoking accessories, to name only a few gifts which you might send him.

"THE young man I have been going with promised never to have another drink, and has not kept his word. He does not make drinking a habit. He is good to me, and I am the only girl he has ever taken out, but when he drinks with his friends he forgets that I even exist. Do you think breaking his word means that he is getting tired of me and doesn't love me as much as he used to?"

He alone can answer your question. It seems to me rather as though he has made a promise that he does not intend to keep. I make no excuse for broken promises, but you must not be too possessive. It is natural for all men to want a certain amount of men's company. You would feel you had a real reason for complaint if this young man said that when you were chatting with your girl-friends you appeared to forget him.

"BEING a widow in my forties I am remarrying quietly, and my mother is entertaining a small group of friends in her home afterwards. There will be 24 guests. Do you advise invitations, and, if so, in whose name should they be sent? Does my father give me away, should I have a bouquet, and would music be appropriate in the church?"

You may either send out invitations or invite guests by a written note. If invitations are sent—they should go out in your mother's name if you are being married from her home. If you are being married from your own home, they should be sent out in your name. In both cases your own name should have the word "Mrs." before it.

Your father may give you away, and you may if you wish have a matron-of-honor, but not a bridesmaid. Flowers, so long as they are not all-white, may be worn or carried. Music before and after the ceremony is appropriate.

"AT home we argue about these points of etiquette. If a woman smokes in a hotel or theatre foyer, should she take off her gloves? Should a man light his own cigarette before that of the woman he is escorting? When finishing soup, is it permissible to tip the plate slightly away?"

Gloves may be taken off or kept on—just as you wish. There is an old custom that men should light their own cigarette first. Nowadays hardly anyone bothers about it, and it looks strange to see a man not lighting a woman's cigarette before his own. It is permissible to tilt a soup plate away from you.

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column. Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 2. She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

"MY sister is to be married soon, and we are wondering if it is correct for the bride's parents to provide the drinks at the reception or is it the bridegroom's responsibility to attend to this?"

The bride's parents undertake all expenses connected with the reception; the bridegroom all those connected with the wedding ceremony.

"A FRIEND of mine has met a difficulty in arranging his marriage. He and his fiancée are of different faiths. On his behalf I would like to know whose privilege it is to say where the marriage will take place. The father of my friend's fiancée has given his consent, but will give her away only within his child's church, and she refuses to be married unless she is given away by her father."

In that case it rather looks as though the marriage will take place only if it is celebrated within the fiancée's church. Neither party has the "privilege" of deciding where a marriage is to take place; it is a matter of mutual agreement. If two people contemplating matrimony cannot agree on such an important point, it does not augur very well for the harmony of their future life together.

"MY problem concerns my mother, who allows me a great deal of freedom (I am 18), but she never shows interest in my doings except to criticise me if I am late home. Do you think she should pick on this one point?"

As you are allowed so much liberty, I suggest you forestall criticism by making a point of always being home by the time you are expected.

Apparently your mother has confidence that when you are out you will behave as she would wish you to; don't disappoint her by arriving home late.

"WHENEVER my son brings his girl-friend home for the weekend I make her very welcome. But after her last visit I missed two small articles from the dressing-table of the room she occupied. Should I tell my son this, or not say anything about it?"

If you tell your son it will appear a direct accusation of the girl, and apparently you have not a shred of real evidence to support any such charge. If after a future visit you miss other articles, then speak to your son.



Miss Adder teaches Maths at school
And NEATNESS is her golden rule



2 While Ann thought smart at sums, could not do half a line without a blot



3 Those inky means, that playground grime, held back her progress all the time



4 Mum tried out soaps of many brands, but only one could clean such hands



5 Yes! but for Solvol, proud Miss A., would not be clapping Ann today!

SOLVOL SHIFTS GRIME FASTER

6.136.10



Do you suffer from

BILIOUS HEADACHES?

Quick, safe relief with Anacin

There's no need to put up with sick or bilious headaches. While your doctor finds out the *cause* you can get quick, safe relief by taking just two Anacin tablets.

AMAZING SPEED! Anacin tablets work at an amazing speed. Every tablet is a combination of four medically proven agents. *Four ingredients* — that's one more than any other anti-pain remedy. And, it's the action of this *extra ingredient* that makes Anacin's relief so much swifter.

ANACIN

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Because they work so fast, *two* Anacin tablets will frequently do the work of much larger doses of ordinary anti-pain powders and tablets. So — Anacin is cheaper in the long run, as well as being more effective for *all* headaches.

Change now to Anacin!

If you have been using the same headache remedy over a long period of time, then for faster relief doctors advise a change. Change to Anacin. Sold at all chemists in packets of 12, tins of 30, bottles of 50 and 100.



Two bring fast relief.

PROFIT from LOSS

IN **GOLSPIE** (SCOTLAND) IT WAS BELIEVED THAT IF A **TOOTH** FELL OUT AND WAS **LOST**, SOMETHING VALUABLE WOULD BE **FOUND** WITHIN A WEEK! YOUR **TEETH** ARE YOUR MOST **VALUABLE** POSSESSION — KEEP THEM **WHITE** AND **HEALTHY** WITH **KOLYNOS** DENTAL CREAM. **KOLYNOS** IS DOUBLY ACTIVE — **FRESHENS** YOUR BREATH AS IT **CLEANSSES** YOUR **TEETH**.

'Roos HELP TEETHING

VICTORIAN ABORIGINALS TIED **KANGAROOS'** TEETH TO THEIR BABIES' WRISTS AS A **TEETHING** AID. GIVE YOUR **CHILDREN'S TEETH** THE **PROPER START** — EVEN **2 YEAR** OLDS SHOULD BE TAUGHT TO USE **KOLYNOS** REGULARLY. **KOLYNOS** **ANTISEPTIC** FOAM SWIRLS INTO EVERY CREVICE — **FLOATS** AWAY FOOD DEPOSITS — **GUARDS** AGAINST DENTAL DECAY.

DO YOU KNOW?

TEETH MAKE SUNSHINE!

TO MAKE THE **SUN SHINE** WIZARDS OF **NEW CALEDONIA** CLIMB TO A **MOUNTAIN TOP** AND SET **FIRE** TO A LOCK OF **RELATIVE'S HAIR** AND TWO **TEETH** OF AN **ANCESTOR**.

Y'R MONEY GOES FURTHER

KOLYNOS IS THE **FAMILY DENTAL CREAM** — IT LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE — SO **CONCENTRATED** YOU NEED ONLY **HALF AN INCH** ON A **DRY BRUSH**.

KOLYNOS CREAM DENTAL

SAINTS WATCH OVER TEETH

THROUGHOUT THE **WORLD** THERE ARE NO LESS THAN **20 PATRON SAINTS** CONNECTED WITH **DENTISTRY**.

It is easy to see warm weather is on the way, because current questions from readers centre on coping with insect bites, with scorched legs, chilblain marks, skin imperfections, and so on.

As well, apparently because readers rightly feel that shapely legs are a necessity for outdoor living, an enormous number of letters request more leg-normalising advice. Obviously these must be dealt with en masse, so included on this page are details for leg reducing and leg building.

Q—I realise that it is a bit early in the season to be thinking about mosquito bites and insect bites, but every year my legs and ankles particularly become peppered with bites which are very ugly and seem to look worse on me than on anyone else. Is there anything I can do about it?—*Esme.*

A—During the summer insect bites, mosquito bites, and heat rashes can cause much discomfort, if not actual pain. A little bicarbonate of soda dissolved in water often helps stop itching of mosquito or other bites. Prickly heat is soothed when kept dry with talcum powder.

Q—I have recently noticed that my neck is looking very crepey, although I am only 34. What is the reason and what can I do about it, please?—*Doris.*

A—Basic cause is excessive dryness and lack of protection; a hangover from the days when women cared for their faces but neglected their necks.

We should cream our necks as regularly as we do our faces, and apply foundations from forehead to chest, and to the back neckline. For extra lubrication, cream can be made richer by the addition of lanoline. Where throat skin is already crepey, never use an astringent on it with the idea of tightening the skin. Astringents are drying, and will not help where dryness already exists.

Q—What can I do to get rid of red patches on my legs, particularly the shins? I would like to do it quickly before the stockingless days of summer arrive.—*Winnie.*

A—So you've been hugging the fire all winter and got yourself scorched. Scorching is a very mild type of burning, and the speed with which the blotches can be removed depends on how deeply the marking goes.

Daily massage for a few weeks with cold cream or nourishing cream will help, and keep away from the fire as much as possible.

Beginning at the ankles, stroke upwards with a sweeping motion towards the knees. Then when the sun is warm enough, two or three short tanning sessions will help brown-out the redness.

Q—Will you please give me a list of the vitamins needed for health of skin, eyes, teeth, hair, and nails?—*V.M.*

A—For the eyes, vitamin A and minerals, calcium, phosphorus, potassium, chlorine.

For the skin, vitamins A, B com-

plex, and C, and minerals, iron and sulphur.

For the teeth, vitamins A, C, and D, and minerals, calcium, phosphorus.

For the hair, vitamins B complex, especially G, and minerals, calcium, iodine, iron, sulphur, manganese, and silicon.

For the nails, vitamin D and B complex, especially G, and minerals, calcium and iodine.

It is especially desirable that these vitamins and minerals should be derived from food sources.

Q—For the first time in my life I had chilblains on my hands this winter. They have left marks, and I am wonder-



CLEVER BRUSHWORK makes good liplines better and difficult outlines easier to persuade into flattering shape.

ing if there is any way to remove these.—*K.L.*

A—Those purplish patches on hands, and often heels, are typical after-chilblain remnants.

Gentle massage will help disperse them, and in the warmer weather they should fade out naturally. Your chemist can doubtless supply you with a greaseless type of cream to use for the massage.

Q—I have two or three little white lumps on my face under the skin. They have been there for quite a while now, and I would like to know what to do for them.—*A.J.*

A—They are probably tiny bumps or nodules called Milia, which sometimes appear on the skin—often under the eyes. They can be whitish or yellowish in color, and are caused by retention of the secretion from the sebaceous glands.

Direct stimulation by gentle patting around the area often helps to disperse the accumulation, or a doctor may recommend removal by electrolysis or some other treatment. Never attempt to open them yourself.

Q—Could you suggest a treatment for my hair, please? It is about shoulder-length, rather thin, and looks very

straggly. Would it hurt my hair if I washed it more than once a week?—*Teena.*

A—I should think having the straggly ends trimmed and straightened would be an improvement. Then get to work with the brush, and massage the scalp regularly either with a spirit type of tonic if your hair is oily or a hair pomade if it is dry.

There is no hard and fast rule about shampooing the hair, although it is generally accepted that once a fortnight for dry hair and once weekly for oily hair is sufficient. However, if you find your hair becoming lank under a week, I would say, in the cause of good grooming, it should be washed whenever needed.

Q—Although my health is very good, I have sunken cheeks which make me look much older than I am. I have two children, but am only 28 years of age.—*E.G.*

A—Here are three exercises to help bring firmness to the contour of the face and more resilience to the muscle structure that helps keep the skin young and firm. Do them while your lubricating cream is on the face and throat.

(a) Clench the molar teeth and slowly tighten the muscles. Press fingers firmly against the muscles at the jawline.

(b) With the thumbs together and pressing under the chin, use the fingers to pat lightly upward and outward on the cheeks, always starting from the chin and working up in different directions until the cheeks have been covered.

(c) Place thumbs under the jawbone at either side of the face, the first and second fingers on temples. Now, with a slow count of ten, increase the pressure of the fingers gradually against the bone structure. Then release, but do not jerk. Move fingers, still keeping thumbs on the jaw to lift and hold it firmly, to another spot on the bone frame around the eyes; press slowly to ten counts. Release, and move to another spot. Continue until the fingers reach the space just in front of the nose. Repeat the whole procedure two or three times.

Q—Because my lips are naturally rather thick my make-up always looks overdone. What is the best way to apply lipstick to make lips look thinner?—*Jeanette.*

A—For too-thick lips, spread the coloring thin towards the lip-centre and let it fade right away at the corners. Get a lipstick brush if possible, because it is only by using one you can really control the color.

Q—I am 19, 5ft. 6in., and very flat-chested; my bust measurement is only 31½ in. I have extremely thin arms and legs. Would it help if I joined a gymnasium?—*T.M.*

A—You don't mention your weight, but from your remarks I conclude you are on the light side. Underweight can be due to two causes. The first is diet, which redivides itself between insufficient intake of food and poorly balanced menu. The second cause is systemic, requiring medical advice—a good idea in any event.

Moderate exercise geared so that it will not cause undue fatigue can help those wishing to gain weight. But first of all find out whether there is any physical cause that needs medical attention.

Here are instructions both for reducing and building up the legs which will answer the many readers who have asked for more leg-normalising advice since I mentioned this subject a few weeks ago.

Leg reduction . . .

FAT legs look heavier when a wall of muscle is built over the fat. So, until they are slimmer, try not to give them any more work than necessary. Avoid skating, rope-skipping, bicycling.

Here are some exercises to improve fat legs:

(a) **Pedalling:** Lie on the back with buttocks against the wall and both legs extended up the wall, with knees straight, arms outstretched on floor above head.

Slide one heel down wall, bending knee to chest. Push with heel, curling toes toward instep. Keep it up as long as you can—rest—then do it some more. When expert, bend elbows and bring hands to shoulders as you pedal.

(b) **Calf-Spanking:** Sit on the floor, leaning back on hands. Pull knees to chest, with feet tucked up close to you, and toes turned upward. Slide the right leg straight out on the floor with a slap, drawing it back to the body, slap down the left leg. Do 50 times, twice daily, if knees and calves are large.

(c) **Massage:** Lie on your back, raise left leg to chest, grasping the back of the ankle firmly in both hands. Slowly twist both hands around to front of ankle in a squeezing, wringing motion. Progress by inches to the knee, using the same squeeze-and-wring. Then continue up the length of the thigh. Rest a minute, rubbing hands together, to relieve tension. Then work on the other leg.

Building up legs . . .

LEGS that are too slim can also be improved. Walk wherever and whenever possible; never sit with crossed legs.

(a) **Heel-pulling** requires a book as a prop. Put the balls of the feet on the book and the heels on the floor. Then raise the heels until you are on tiptoe. Slowly lower heels to floor. Repeat 10 times.

(b) Skip for a few minutes daily to develop muscle. On each jump bend knees deeply and hold this position.

(c) Stand with hands touching table or chair for balance, if necessary, or stand with hands on hips. Now, rise up on toes, then slowly come down with deep bend of knees and slowly return to position. Don't sit on the heels, but use leg muscles. At first repeat four times; increase gradually to twelve.

★ The Photographer
SAID 'This shot
should be a winner!'



★ But he **MEANT**

'Gosh she won't like this
'candid' shot of her
blotchy complexion!'

You'll be lovely "close-up"
once you clear away
skin faults with

REXONA
MEDICATED SOAP

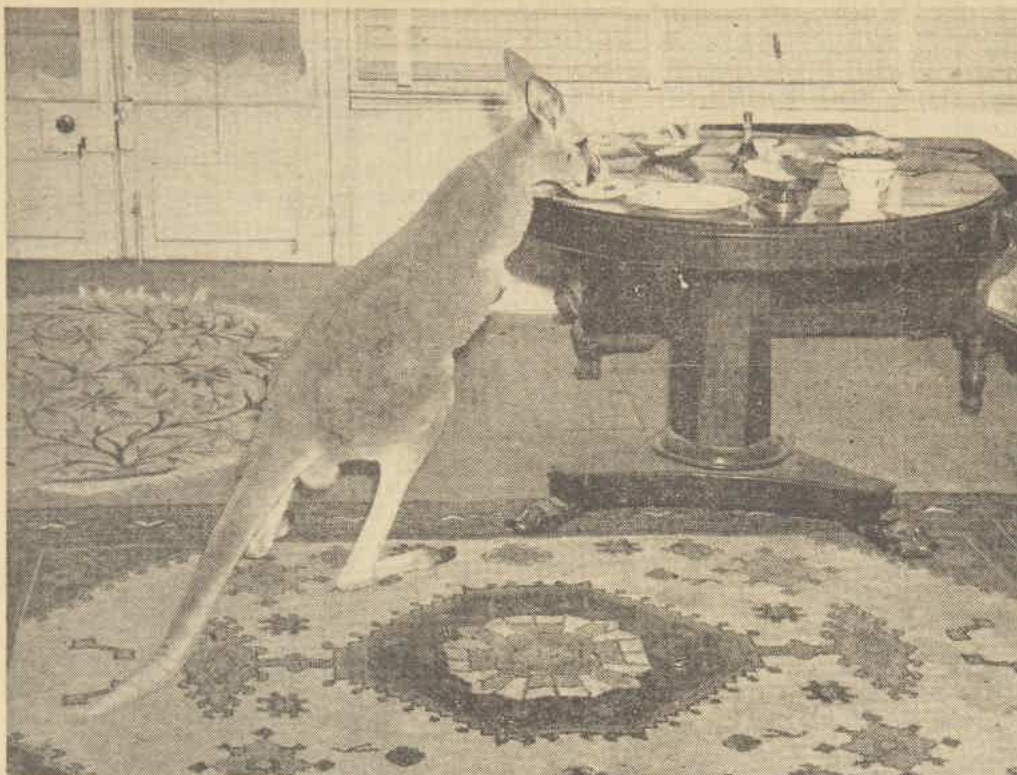


★ REXONA CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona compound comprising oils of Cedar, Clove, Eucalyptus, and Rosemary, Acetate—all recognized valuable skin medications.

A lovely skin . . . smooth, free from all blemishes or blackheads . . . Yes, constant care with Rexona Medicated Soap can make your skin delicately beautiful. Rexona, specially medicated with Cadyl, eases out embedded makeup and deep-down dirt—gently soothes away blotchiness and roughness. Keep your skin clear, lovely as a rose-petal, with daily Rexona care.

● If you would like my advice on your beauty problem write to me at the address at the top of page 9.—Carolyn Earle.

MEET LADY MURIEL—'ROO SOPHISTICATE



NAMED after wife of a former S.A. Governor, Lady Muriel has pinky-fawn colored coat.



LENDING her master a helping hand is a pleasure when the task is eating strawberry jam.



MIRRORS are irresistible to Lady Muriel. She never passes one without taking good long look.



MURIEL enjoys car-riding, always looks forward to trips as eagerly as the two Aberdeen terriers.

LADY MURIEL takes tea. Sophisticate pet of South Australian Ken Reed. Muriel may go to Hollywood shortly.

★ Lady Muriel, the domesticated kangaroo which Ken Reed, of Moonta, South Australia, offered as a potential film star to James Cagney, of Hollywood, is a gentle, affectionate creature, with engaging tricks. Cagney is interested in Lady Muriel although he originally wanted a male 'roo. The kangaroo shares the Reed menage with three other kangaroos, two Aberdeen terriers, a black cat, and a four-foot crocodile from Darwin. The animals gather round the fire at night and each morning "Croc" is found sleeping in the still-warm ashes.



ANY NIGHT at the Reed fireside, with Ken Reed, his father, Mr. J. Reed, Muriel, the terriers, and the "croc" (tail at right). Koala in background is one of the numerous stuffed animals in the lounge.

THE BLUNTS: Battle of the birthday

It is fitting that you should make the acquaintance of Taffy in this joyous spring month. It is Birthday Month, and he is at his blooming best.

As I admire the gleaming veneer of virtue I find it difficult to believe that only yesterday it was badly cracked and extremely smudgy.

I HAD asked Taffy (quite nicely, too) to fetch me some kindling. This involves the tremendous labor of bringing in a handful of dead Jacaranda twigs.

Of course, he said: "Aw, gee," and wrangled with disapproval, then, brightening, "frippence?" I took a deep breath, and made a speech.

"I will not tolerate this racketeering, this laziness, this insolent attitude you are adopting lately. When I prepare a meal do I get paid for it? When I make the beds, do I get paid? No! Not even a thank you!"

I breathed in, and Taffy took the opportunity to mumble: "Dad gives yer lotter money."

"Eek!" I squealed, "lotter money, hey, and, pray, where do you think it goes?"

Taffy took that in and slouched out of the living-line. Then, peering round a post, snarled: "Gee, for a mother you're drowsy."

"What?" I shrieked, then blushed: "say that again."

"You're drowsy," I said. "Are yer deaf? You're a slave-driver, that's what."

Mad with the indignation, he became incautious, and came within slapping distance.

I aimed my unscientific blow at his seatless pants (despite what the books tell us, that portion of a child is the most satisfying to wallop); but, alas, I jarred my wrist, and the apple of my left eye and myself were both in a fine pet.

He paused only to utter the infuriating formula: "Ha ha, couldn't hurt a flea," and scuttled into ambush.

I eyed what I could see of him in mute disgust. I'd been through all this so often, and decided to give it away, but the provocative babble went on.

"Gee, duncker ever think I'm blind? I work me fingers to the bone doing mathematics an' smelly de French, an' reel hard brain work all day at school, an' when I get home to have a bitaver rest you go on like a Roman..."

"What do you mean Roman?" I asked, unwillingly intrigued.

"You jest go on like I was a heavy Briton."

"So?" I sniffed, and turned to go; but he'd not done with me, and, worse still, Penny had materialised out of a salvia bush to barrack.

"Hey, Taffy, is she wild?" he inquired in a deafening whisper, eyeing me from under a thatch of twigs.

"I'll say she is. I only called her 'drowsy,' a perfectly ordinary word, an' she socked me. Yahi! keep away from her, she's crool—anyone 'ud think it was swearing or something."

And anyone would—well, nearly. And the more I thought about it the more suspicious I became, until

Penny, realising there was only a minor scrimmage on, emerged completely from the bush he was wrecking to explain.

"Stilly girl," he said. "Acourse it isn't swearing, it isn't even rude, it's jest fashion" ... finding the last phrase pleasing, he uttered it again.

"Oh?" I said, and thought bitterly that I was always saying "Oh" to my unanswerable children.

"Aw, let's get it for 'er ... we won't get a bit of peace till we do," Penny said wisely, and rather rudely.

"Okay," Taffy shrugged. "We'll set the blooming thing, an' then she might leave us alone ... kim-mon, mugsie."

And that's how the birthday business came up.

They were lying on their stomachs reading some old newspapers before crumpling them up to lay the fire, when Taffy let out a yelp.

He was astonished to find it was July when all along they'd been thinking it was August.

I said: "Just fancy, smart pants, it happens to be September."

"Sittember!" squealed Taffy. "Jeepers! I'll be ten—whacko, yippeee!! Gee, just imagine only eleven more years an' I'll be twenty-one, an' I kin do wot I like."

"Pooley," smiled Penny.

But Taffy heeded him not. There were cerebral clankings, as Taffy's brain told him that a guy who needs a bicycle reel had must use his nut.

From that moment onward virtue set in with the spring.

"Jill, you said when I was twenty—

WRITTEN
AND
ILLUSTRATED
BY
JILL
BLUNT

one I'd properly have a car. Well, can I have a bike now I'm half, well, nelly? Well, can I? Gee, not even if I'm good till it?"

Penny's filial love was fast turning to vivid verdian green jealousy. "Poof!!" he said twice, beyond more lucid speech.

Then: "Who would ever want a mad bicycle? They're dangerous. You can have one, I don't care, I'd sooner have a party wif girls ... can we, darling?"

"Aw, cripes, come on it ... a party with assies!"

I stuck my fingers in my ears and snarled: "Skip it, you sweet, generous helpful little fends, and GO AND GET THAT KINDLING or else no party."

Penny's eyes gooseberried. "Gee," he said. "Gee, you lovely snidger girl, we are gointer have a party if we get the kindling? ... Aw-w-w-w, but you said we wouldn't if we didn't, and that means we will if we do, doesn't it?"

"Jeepers," I groaned, standing there knee deep in the muck of papers.

I supposed there would be a party



Doctors now able to forecast thrombosis

Dread of thrombosis following childbirth has been considerably lessened by the work on this problem of two Sydney research graduates.

THEY are Mr. R. N. Lyons and a Sydney doctor who carried out the research work at Sydney University and the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

On his return, Professor Bruce Mayes, Professor of Obstetrics at Sydney University, said that this was the only really new thing reported by any of the 600 delegates at the recent Dublin International Congress of Obstetrics and Gynaecology.

"This comment was made freely at the conference," Professor Mayes said.

"Mr. Lyons and his fellow-worker discovered during the last twelve months a means of forecasting when thrombosis will occur, and its preventive treatment."

"There is still further work to be done," Professor Mayes said. "The doctors concerned would be the first

to agree. But I regard their work as one of the outstanding contributions to safer childbirth."

Detection is by means of a simple test of the blood. Treatment is by injections and tablets.

Thrombosis can occur as the result of childbirth. It is a clotting in the vein. It occurs most often in the leg, but sometimes, in more serious cases, it affects the lung.

Professor Mayes, a Queenslander, is now 44. He was appointed to the Chair of Obstetrics when only 37.

While he was away he was asked by the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists to act as examiner on their behalf.

He is chairman of the committee appointed by the Government of Australia to investigate the decline in birthrate.

The three chief causes of death associated with childbirth, according to Professor Mayes, are: (1)

haemorrhage, (2) sepsis, (3) eclampsia—or kidney trouble as it is more commonly known.

The reason generally put forward at the Dublin Congress to explain why fewer women during the war suffered from eclampsia (since its cessation figures in some countries have gone up) was because of the greatly improved dietary standard during the pre-natal period.

"I regard it as an excellent thing that almost every pregnant woman in Australia, extremely diet-conscious," Professor Mayes said.

"Not long ago in Sydney and Melbourne, a group doing research for the Commonwealth Government into the reason for the decline of the birthrate were trying to find a number of women on poor diets."

"They had the greatest difficulty, because, through attending clinics, those whose diet was originally unsatisfactory had learnt through talking to other women awaiting attention to become diet-conscious themselves."

"This is a strong statement," Professor Mayes said, "but no woman

to-day should ever die of haemorrhage."

He was referring to the fact that blood transfusion services are now widely used as a purely preventive measure, instead of only when haemorrhages had actually occurred.

If tests prove that the blood condition is poor, he said, blood transfusions are now given not only to guard against the possibility of sepsis, but to help restore the patient to her natural healthy state for the birth and convalescence, and to assist her in breast-feeding her baby.

Visited Gloucesters

DURING a two-month tour of the United Kingdom and Eire, sponsored by the New South Wales State Government, Professor Mayes was the week-end guest of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at their country house, Barnwell Manor, in Northamptonshire.

"The Duke and Duchess are looking splendid," he said. "Though they still lead an extremely busy public life."

"Few people realised how deeply attached the Royal couple were to Australia and Australians, and how genuinely sorry to leave."

Speaking of anaesthetics connected with childbirth, Professor Mayes said that there is general agreement that the use of pethidine (an injection) with trileone (an inhalant) is the most satisfactory method used to date.

Pethidine is used extensively in Australia.

The reason that no startlingly new researches and techniques associated with childbirth were put forward, he says, is because all the obvious discoveries have been made during the last 50 years.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 13, 1947

KREAM CORNFLOUR MAKES A "SWEET" APPEAL AT ANY MEAL

Page 35

Actor-director in tough new job

By cable from VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

Robert Montgomery directing a scene with a knife stuck in his back was the startling sight I saw as I arrived at Universal International studios.

Montgomery shook hands cordially with me as a serious-faced propman stepped up and removed the knife from his shoulder-blades. Bob explained that being both director and actor in this picture has its drawbacks.

"I HAVE just finished a scene where I'm knifed in the back by two thugs as I leave a rural roadhouse.

"Now, as I want to see how the scene will look from behind the cameras, I'm going to run it again, this time with my double, Clarence Straight, going through my part. Would you like to see it?"

Montgomery then peered through the camera as two husky thugs leaped upon Clarence, and while he fought one of them stabbed him neatly with a collapsible knife.

Director Montgomery had a few changes made in Clarence's fall, then hopped in front of the cameras himself to go through the knifing procedure again.

I stood on the sidelines with

blonde British producer Joan Harrison while she told me of Montgomery's work.

"The story is called 'Ride a Pink Horse,' but the only horse in the picture is a broken-down merry-go-round steed which plays a part in the story.

"Robert Montgomery's leading lady is little Wanda Hendrix, who plays a wistful Indian girl. She helps Montgomery recover after the knifing by pulling the blade from his back and binding up his wounds.

"Our next scene will show Wanda pulling Bob to his feet and supporting him to her hide-out. As Wanda is only five feet two, this will be a big task, but no doubt director Montgomery will show actor Montgomery how to co-operate."

Joan's prediction came true, and tiny Wanda was baffled by the task of raising Montgomery. She weighs ninety pounds, and he two hundred and seventy.

Bob showed Wanda how to lift



ROBERT MONTGOMERY, director and star of the new Universal International film "Ride a Pink Horse," is visited on the set by Viola MacDonald, Hollywood correspondent of *The Australian Women's Weekly*, and Mr. Tom Cadwallader, of Universal's Australian office.

with her knees instead of her back, and the little dark girl managed to raise him three times for rehearsals and once for a "take."

After that she staggered off for a malted milk to recover.

"To-morrow Wanda has to crack one of the thugs over the head with a bottle of wine. She is dreading that she may hurt him, though, of course she won't use a bottle, but a specially constructed container which cracks easily at the slightest touch."

Enjoys dual work

MONTGOMERY confided to me that being director and actor is a tough proposition, but he enjoys it, as it calls on all his ingenuity.

"My toughest scene is when I'm lying unconscious after the knifing.

"How can I see what is going on from the director's viewpoint when I have my eyes shut?"

"Luckily I have a wonderful camera crew, and assistant-director John Sherwood, so that scene will be up to them, and will be the only one in the film which will be shot without a director.

"Usually I can see enough of what the other actors are doing while I'm acting with them to correct any mistakes."

Bob Montgomery received much praise for his fine direction of "Lady in the Lake," in which he starred. That film was mostly narration by Montgomery, with few actual shots of him, and then only when he was looking at himself in a mirror.

"Ride a Pink Horse" does not use that technique, but has Montgomery in nearly every scene, so that he takes his place with Orson Welles and Chaplin as actor-director.



CARMEN MIRANDA, with a new blonde hair-do, visited a Hollywood cafe with her bridegroom, David Sebastian, when she returned from a personal appearance tour in the East. Her marriage to Sebastian was a surprise, as they had met only a few weeks before.

Film Reviews

★★ THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

A WITTY and satirical story about modern American politics, starring Loretta Young and Joseph Cotten, makes grand film fare provided by RKO.

Loretta Young, who looks beautiful even when she wears a housemaid's uniform, is delightful as Katie, a Scandinavian who finally becomes a member of the U.S. Congress.

Taken into the home of political leader Joseph Cotten and his mother, Ethel Barrymore, Katie attends an election meeting and speaks her mind to such effect that she is selected as opposition candidate for Congress.

Cotten and Loretta make a splendid romantic team, and the film is full of shrewd wisecracks about the less admirable side of politics.

Charles Bickford makes an interesting screen comeback in the role of the family butler.

Capably directed by H. C. Potter and adapted from the successful stage-play "Katie for Congress," the film is sure of audience support.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR

MEMORIES of "Blithe Spirit" will be recalled by this Fox comedy, difference being that Rex Harrison plays the ghost of a sea captain, Daniel Gregg, and it is Gene Tierney whose life is influenced by his salty comments.

Made recently in Hollywood, the film is adapted from the novel by R. A. Dick, and has retained much of its piquant charm.

Harrison is the ghost who haunts a seaside cottage occupied by widow Mrs. Muir about 1900. He is annoyed at her intrusion and tries to frighten her away, but she insists on remaining and the two become friends. When she loses her money the ghost dictates a rollicking story of his life to her, which becomes a best-seller.

End of the story is a sop to popular taste and is its only weakness.

Rex Harrison is perfect as bearded

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent

★★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars — below average.

Captain Gregg, whose sardonic humor is highly entertaining.

Miss Tierney is as lovely as usual, but her acting is as negligible as ever. George Sanders in a rather "sissy" part and Edna Best are the most accomplished of the others in the cast.

As whimsical comedy this film can be recommended.—Embassy; showing.



JEAN SIMMONS, all dressed up for her role in the British Two Cities film "Hungry Hill," gets some last-minute hairdressing touches from studio hairdresser Ann Combes. Jean co-stars with Margaret Lockwood and Dennis Price in Daphne Du Maurier's story.



JOAN BENNETT, star of Universal's "Secret Beyond the Door," takes her youngest daughter, three-year-old Stephanie Wanger, to see some of the scenes being rehearsed. Joan's eldest daughter is 17, though her famous mother looks like her elder sister.

Ivor Novello musicals

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

FILM-GOERS will see a big change in British musicals when Ivor Novello comes back to England from South Africa.

To answer the challenge of Hollywood's hit films, magnate Arthur J. Rank has enlisted Novello—famous

musical comedy impresario—to screen some of his greatest musical stage successes. Though this may set fans to humming some wonderful tunes, they will not see again the classic Novello profile. Ivor only intends to supervise production of his films.

His latest play, "Perchance to Dream," is now drawing to the end of three and a half years' run in the West End. After that the whole company will travel to South Africa in the biggest London stage musical ever exported. The first of Ivor Novello's film series will probably be "Glamorous Night."

LAURENCE OLIVIER is taking two weeks off to retreat to his country hide-out in Buckinghamshire, where he will master the art of fencing. Instructing Larry for a duelling scene in "Hamlet" is Denis Lorraine, a champion swordsman and Battle-of-Britain pilot now turned film actor.

YOUNG Richard Attenborough is heaving sighs of relief now he has passed all his driving tests. It means he'll be able to drive his own car in all future films. "Dickie will be able to drive properly now," says a gossip-writer, "and not be pulled around on a string."

ANNABELLA is back in her native France and starring in her first picture there for 10 years. It is called "Lili," and in it she plays a trapeze artist. She has two stand-ins for dangerous sequences—one of them the champion woman diver of France.

The Australian Women's Weekly—September 13, 1947

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 128-134 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

Page 36

Look out for Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine.

At all Newsagents and Bookstalls.

1/- every month.

VERSATILE FILM STARS



BARBARA STANWYCK, popular dramatic and comedy actress, who has begun work on the Paramount film "Be Still, My Love." She recently returned from a European trip.



JOAN CAULFIELD, lovely blonde Paramount player, recruited from the stage. Her latest film is an adaptation of the Broadway stage success, "Dear Ruth."



PAULETTE GODDARD, vital and attractive star, and wife of producer-actor Burgess Meredith. Soon she will be seen in the Paramount Cecil B. de Mille technicolor period film "Unconquered," with Gary Cooper.



JANET BLAIR, red-haired actress and singer, who is under contract to Columbia. Married to pianist Louis Bush, her real name is Martha Lafferty. At present she is co-starring with Franchot Tone in "Double Take." She has received many offers to sing in the leading nightclubs in America.

GIVE YOUR SKIN MY
GENTLE BEAUTIFYING CARE—
LUX TOILET SOAP
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS. THEY'RE
QUICK AND EASY BUT THEY
REALLY WORK!

says

*Diana
Lynn*

Paramount
Star in
"Variety Girl"



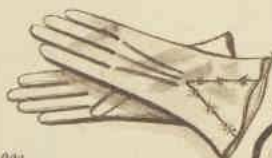
PRETTY, vivacious Diana Lynn has a date book that reads like a Who's Who of eligible bachelors! But who could resist a skin kept soft and radiant with Lux Toilet Soap? Each night and morning pat in the rich, creamy lather. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat dry with a soft towel. Your skin will feel softer, smoother. Tests prove that 3 out of 4 complexions improve in a short time with this simple care.



The Bath
and Complexion Care
of 9 out of every 10
Film Stars.

LT.299.24

**The
French Mannequins
wore
these accessories**



Murnay

Paris styled, these exclusive fashion accessories were chosen by Mrs. Mary Hordern, The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion Adviser, for the French Mannequins as the ideal match for the glorious creations they are modelling. They have been used exclusively in all their parades. "Goldseal" and "Golden Arrow" have acquired the right to reproduce these accessories for fashion-conscious Australian women.

GOLDEN ARROW

"Goldseal" and "Golden Arrow"
Handbags and "Murnay" Gloves
obtainable from all better class stores.



1 INHERITOR OF FARM in Kent, Joanna Godden (Google Withers) determines to manage it herself, in spite of opposition from her fiancé, Arthur Alice (John McCallum), who disapproves.



2 BOOKKEEPING TROUBLES soon make Joanna realise the difficult task she has undertaken, but in spite of many mistakes she refuses to seek any help.

The Loves of Joanna Godden

★ With Australians Chips Rafferty and John McCallum in leading roles opposite Google Withers, Ealing Films presents an adaptation of Sheila Kaye Smith's novel.

Set in Edwardian times, it tells the story of an unconventional woman who shocks the countryside by her determination to manage the farm she has inherited.

Ill-advised and wilful, she nearly ruins the farm and loses her fiancé.

This was the film for which Chips Rafferty went to England in 1946.



3 SISTERS QUARREL when Ellen (Jean Kent) returns from school and complains about ugly furnishing of home.



4 ARRIVAL OF new employee Collard (Chips Rafferty) brings romance to Joanna, but disaster to the farm.



5 MEETING AT PARTY ends in fight between Collard and Arthur because of jealousy. Joanna discovers she has been mistaken about her romance with Collard, who leaves the farm which he has nearly ruined by bad handling.



6 HAPPY REUNION for Joanna and Arthur when both acknowledge mistakes and renew their affection.

ACCESSORIES from Paris

*for our fashion
parades*



● Brilliant purple used by Alexandrine in this bag is typical of lovely colors popular in Paris this year for handbags and gloves. Morabito has unusual side fastenings on the black cat skin bag and Alexandrine uses pale yellow skin as piping on black antelope gloves.



● All Parisian leather handbags are severely tailored, and Alexandrine carries this out well in a yellow ochre cat skin bag which has matching gloves. An exquisite burnt sienna antelope skin was used by Alexandrine in bag and gloves. Tan pigskin was choice of Morabito for a bag styled on satchel lines.



● Liquor bottle shape is feature of Morabito's tan bag. Beautiful fittings distinguish brown bag, also by Morabito. Alexandrine uses beige and tan in gauntlets.

● Desranges makes an attractive beach pouch with a drawstring top in navy-blue and white; and big eyelets add interest to yellow-and-white beach bag.



● Alexandrine uses a superb emerald-green antelope skin to make an elaborate bag with matching gloves. All these accessories were brought from Paris by our fashion adviser, Mrs. Mary Horden.

That adorable
New look...
Baby's Knitteds have
the **LUX LOOK!**

"BABY
BUNTING"

an exclusive
Lux Set
comprising matinee
jacket, pilchers,
bonnet and booties.



Woollies stay New looking
far longer with
gentle LUX care

You'll always love the adorable baby-softness of Lux-washed woollies. And those precious knitteds will stay fluffy and cuddlesome for ages when they're washed in gentle Lux suds. It's strong soaps and harsh methods like hard rubbing that make woollies dull and shabby before their time. But a dip in creamy Lux keeps woollies soft and shapely—with that lovely new look, that LUX LOOK.



Send for these
**FREE Knitting
instructions**

Free instructions for "Baby Bunting" set will gladly be sent. Simply cut out this panel (round dotted lines) and pin it to a stamped, addressed envelope. Post to Knitting Offer, Lever Brothers Pty. Ltd., Box 4100 G. P. O. Sydney.

U.251.24.

How different!

Protect your hair from sun, wind and sea with creamy Napro Hair Vitalizer. Replace natural oils without surface greasiness. One treatment shows the difference.

Napro
HAIR VITALIZER

AT CHEMISTS
SALONS AND
STORES



RADIO-CONTROL IN THE HOME... These pictures illustrate ingenious devices in home electronics by American inventor Carl Brainard. Above he is shown making a connection of his "Miracle light," which instantaneously transforms sound into light. There are 60 vari-colored fluorescent lights, each made sensitive to a certain tone or sound. Musical tones and those of talking, laughing, and walking will change the lights to various colors.



KEEPING IN TOUCH. Using an ordinary telephone, Joyce Brainard, wife of the inventor, takes a call from her husband, who is coming home in his car. The phone controls can be operated from a dial in car within a radius of 20 miles of home.

SUMMER HARVEST

● Seeds of melons, rockmelons, cucumbers, pumpkins, squashes, and marrows will germinate rapidly now

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

THEY require fairly rich soil, for they are all gross feeders and make poor growth if the fertility of the ground is low. Ample water is also necessary with all of these vegetables.

When digging over the soil for cucurbits as they are called, add ample manure, rotted compost, or mix up some artificial fertiliser with the soil. The best mixture consists of four parts superphosphate, and one part each of blood and bone, sulphate of ammonia, and potash. A dressing of about 4oz. to the square yard is sufficient.

Make slight mounds for cucumbers, melons, squashes, or marrows, and tread down the centre. Sow five or six seeds in each mound and thin out to three at most when growing vigorously. Feed the growing plants with weak liquid manure from time to time in order to force the vinous growth along.

When the plants have set plenty of female flowers pinch out the ends of the trailing arms and the fruits will develop rapidly. The best varieties of cucumber are Crystal Apple, Crystal White, and Hawkesbury Green Apple, and for long varieties, Choice Long Green, Commercial or Improved White Spine.

Both bush and trailing marrows provide early vegetables and may be sown now. The small fruited Zucchini yields heavily and is of better flavor than the cream and old green trailing varieties. The long-fruited Bush Green is probably the best of all marrows for the small backyard.

In the squash section, the Acorn or Table Queen is an ideal type. It occupies little space and fruits prolifically over a long season. The banana squash is a good keeper and the flesh of exceptional quality. Crookneck, Early Golden, Blue and Golden Hubbard are more suited to the big garden and the big family.

Pumpkins are a good standby when other vegetables run short. They grow absurdly easily and being subject to few diseases and pests (other than the pumpkin beetle and pest ladybird) soon provide bulky supplies of long-keeping vegetables.

In addition to cucurbits, all French beans, tomatoes, lettuces, beetroot, carrots, parsnips, okra, artichokes, peanuts, rosellas, sweet corn, spinach, radishes, leeks, celery, eggplant, cape gooseberry, and sweet potatoes can be sown now.



BY REMOTE RADIO CONTROL Mrs. Brainard can start breakfast, turn on their radio or lights, open the garage door, which gives their home more than the usual amenities. The devices are controlled either from house or car by telephone dial.

Treatment of hiccups

By MEDICO

"I NEVER get indigestion, doctor," said Mrs. Harris, "but I do sometimes get hiccups. It's most embarrassing. All my friends laugh at me.

"Sometimes, for no apparent reason, I might hiccup for half an hour. Is there any medical cure for hiccups?"

"Well," I said, "hiccups are caused by irritation of the nerve which controls the diaphragm. It is called the phrenic nerve. Because this nerve is associated with the nerves of the stomach, any irritant to the stomach will tend to cause hiccups. That is why alcohol, or insufficiently chewed food, can cause the trouble.

"Radishes are an invitation to hiccups with some people. Clothing that is too tight round the waist can sometimes cause hiccups after a meal. The diaphragm controls expansion and contraction of the lungs by its rhythmic movement. When the phrenic nerve is irritated, it causes the diaphragm to become convulsive.

"There are all sorts of so-called cures for hiccups. There are dozens of varieties of breath-holding cures, for instance. These occasionally cure, because holding your breath gives normal breathing a chance by interrupting the spasms of hiccuping."

"Yes," she admitted. "If I can drink a glass of water while I hold my breath, I'm generally all right. But what should I do if the usual treatments fail?"

"One treatment that a doctor or nurse can use is sometimes successful. A hypodermic injection of ten drops of adrenalin solution, giving one drop a minute for ten minutes, often succeeds. But really any treatment is quite likely to be successful, because nearly every attack of hiccups comes to an end in a few minutes anyway. Whatever treatment was being used at the time the attack stopped of its own accord gets the credit for the cure.

"In some desperate cases an operation to cut the phrenic nerve has to be performed."

[All names in this article are fictitious.]



NOTHING like a big, fat, juicy watermelon or a nicely chilled rockmelon to cool you on a hot, summery day. Seeds sown now will germinate quickly.

BATHS . . . for beauty

● A bath can be rousing or relaxing in varying degrees according to the mood and the need of the moment.

A TUB of plain water is not very interesting, but the addition of a little of this, a dash of that, a froth of bubbles, or a drop or two of soothing oil makes a great difference.

Perfumed soaps are probably the most widely used bath cosmetics, and they need not be expensive.

Some people prefer unperfumed soaps, so that there is no conflict of perfumes where toilet water of a different brand is concerned.

Bath oils are for fragrance and body smoothing as well as softening the water. Bath crystals are for delightful, scented soaking and

By
**CAROLYN
EARLE,**
Our Beauty
Expert

where the water is hard to soften the water. For this job fine-grained bath salts (really sodium sesquicarbonate with added coloring and perfume) are preferable to large crystals which take much longer to dissolve.

Bubble baths are appreciated for the effervescence and the alkalinity that comes to the water. After-bath Cologne is sprayed or rubbed on the body skin. After-bath oils soothe and scent after drying. Talcum powders and powder-mits all add to bathing pleasure.

● **The rousing bath**—will put you on your toes. Let cool water run into the tub for a depth of six or seven inches, pour in some bath crystals or mineral bath salts, and fill the tub with warm, not hot, water.

Try not to let hot water steam into the tub at any point—the steam creates humidity.

Immerse the entire body for a few minutes before washing.

Then, using your most pleasant soap and a loofah or sponge instead of a washcloth, rub and scrub yourself briskly all over. Don't linger. Rub yourself down with the biggest, roughest towel you own, and rub on a friction lotion. On with your best-smelling powder, and you're ready to dress and go out.

● **The lulling bath**—will relax your muscles and put your nerves to sleep. Turn the clock to the wall and begin by applying rich cream to face and neck, to be left on until the bath is over.

Let the water run just pleasantly hot. As the tub begins to fill, pour in a generous amount of bath oil. These oils cling faintly to the body, leaving it satiny after the bath.

Moisten eye-pads and leave them over the eyelids while you soak for ten or twelve minutes.

When you feel relaxed all over, remove the pads, and, using long, gentle strokes, starting at your toes, go over your body with a bath-mit saturated with soap.

Pat yourself dry with a soft towel, don't rub. Smooth a lotion or after-bath oil over your body skin, again with long, soothing strokes, starting with your toes. Last, powder yourself lavishly with a

AN exhilarating bath is one of the best beauty treatments, and one you can easily give yourself.

scented powder-puff in little light pats—again, feet first. And lulled you should be.

● **The morning wake-up.** Find it hard to get going in the mornings? Then try a shower bath, beginning with a full spraying of cold water, gradually worked into streams of warmer water. Scrub with brisk strokes from top to toe and rinse with cold water. Spray an after-bath lotion all over to complete the eye-opening.

For a more relaxing shower, start off with warm water, gradually getting it hotter. Reverse the circle and finish with the spray trickling cool water on you.

Dry with a soft towel, gently removing the moisture, and follow with an all-over application of after-bath oil topped with talc.

● **The cleansing bath** is probably best taken at night, as time is such an important accessory to living these days that few can wallow in a lengthy morning tubbing. Water temperature should be 98.6deg. F., which is normal body heat.

Have enough water in the tub to reach above the waistline as you sit in it; it is not wise to have the water hotter than 98.6 degs. for daily bathing because higher temperatures tend to wash away natural oils and leave the skin dry.

Relax completely for a few minutes, then get to work. A long-handled bath-brush is splendid for the back, used with a sulphur soap, especially if there is a tendency to oiliness or eruptions.

Use a handbrush for elbows, knees, heels, the soles of the feet—the places where calluses sometimes appear. Rub gently with pumice as well as the brush every day.

Plenty of soap on your brush and washcloth for the chest, abdomen, and hips. Use the brush briskly, first to stir up circulation and cleanse skin channels, then the soaped washcloth to remove every bit of dead skin cuticle. Splash around in the water to rinse, or finish off with a cool shower.

Plunge bath or shower



POPULARITY of The Australian Women's Weekly baby-carrier increases daily. "I think it's most helpful," says Mrs. L. R. Ashe, of Nichol Avenue, Ryde, pictured above with baby Sandra (in carrier) and two-year-old Aileen. "I can manage the children much more easily." The carrier, in off-white, or with beige, blue, or grey straps, is available from our pattern department for 15/6. If ordering by mail, add 3/6 postage. See address on page 9.

HOOVER

THE WORLD'S BEST CLEANER
IS AVAILABLE AGAIN

Here's good news for every woman—supplies of the famous Hoover have arrived! Instantly adaptable for cleaning from floor to ceiling, planned to save you time, strain and fatigue—your new Hoover is available at pre-war prices (plus sales tax). Arrange for an immediate demonstration.

MADE IN ENGLAND

Sole Australian Agents:

JOHN S. DRYSDALE PTY. LTD.

165 Clarence Street, Sydney

(near King St.) Phone BW 4617 or BW 5197

IT BEATS... AS IT SWEEPS... AS IT CLEANS



THANK YOU
DOCTOR

Ford Pills have made me a new woman. It's marvellous to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer every time.

Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit.

2/6 Everywhere
In unbreakable plastic tubes. F.2.4

FORD PILLS

Paddle FOR SPRING & SUMMER

Put a spring in your daughter's step with shoes so smart and comfy she'll be thrilled to wear them—yet shoes which are proved by pre-testing for fit and durability.



White Buck Derby
Yield: Shaw, Sole,
Sole: 2-3, 7-10, 10-1, 1-2 (G/W)



White Buck Sandal
Yield: Shaw, Sole,
Sole: 2-3, 7-10, 10-1, 1-2 (G/W)



PADDLE CHILDREN'S SHOES

FIND OUT NOW!

YOU, TOO, MAY BE GETTING

Pyorrhea

ENEMY OF FIRM GUMS
AND HANDSOME TEETH

Don't ignore these first warning signs—tender gums—gums that bleed even a tiny bit. They may mean Pyorrhea, dreaded gum disease which, in its advanced stages, often leads to shrunken gums and loosened teeth. 4 out of 5 may get it. So play safe. See your dentist regularly. Follow his advice.

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's—made especially for massaging gums and cleaning teeth. In a recent clinical test 95% of the Pyorrhea-threatened cases improved after thirty days of care with Forhan's. Use the only toothpaste that contains Forhan's special anti-Pyorrhea astringent.

Buy a tube of Forhan's to-day!

Reduced Price, 1/10
Extra Large Tube, 2/8



Forhan's
Cleans Teeth — Saves Gums

Australian Agents: The Sheldon Drug Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney

POPULAR PLATTERS

By Our Food and
Cookery Experts

● Clip these recipes for your cookery book now, and you'll have a valuable addition to your stock of interesting and easy dishes.

EVEN the cleverest cook is stumped for a new idea sometimes, especially if she is trying to make a little go a long way and to ensure variety as well.

When you get into a menu-rut try serving dishes suggested on this page.

They are simple, wholesome, and economical.

The hot dishes are all planned for oven cooking; vegetables may be cooked in the oven in covered casseroles.

Hot meat dishes which have been extended with potatoes, macaroni, breadcrumbs, or scone mixture should be followed by a light sweet such as stewed-fruit with custard. Or omit the sweet and serve a thin, hot soup as a first course.

JELLIED VEAL AND HAM LOAF

Three cups chopped cooked veal, 1 lb. chopped ham, 2 cups meat or vegetable stock, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons tomato juice, 2½ dessertspoons gelatine, 2 chopped gherkins, 3 hard-boiled eggs.

Warm the stock, add gelatine and stir over boiling water until gelatine dissolves. Add salt, lemon juice, and tomato juice. When beginning to thicken, fold in veal, ham, chopped gherkins, and chopped egg-whites. Turn into wetted loaf-tin 8 in. by 4 in. by 3 in. When partly set, press egg-yolks (cut in halves) well down into the mixture. Chill until set. Unmould on to serving dish, garnish with baby lettuce leaves filled with grated carrot and parsnip, topped with mayonnaise. Serve with sliced orange and apple salad. Serves five or six.

ORANGE AND APPLE SALAD

Two navel oranges, 2 red apples, lettuce leaves, celery curls, mayonnaise, lemon juice.

Wash apples and oranges well, dry. Cut into halves, then cut each half into 4 or 5 wedge-shaped pieces. Remove core and seeds from apple wedges, drench with lemon juice to preserve color. Arrange orange and apple wedges on bed of lettuce leaves, garnish with curled celery. Serve mayonnaise separately. For four or five.

HARLEQUIN JELLY BLANC-MANGE

One and a half pints milk (or 3 tablespoons powdered milk whipped into 1½ pints warm water), 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 tablespoon sugar, vanilla or almond essence (according to taste), 1 teaspoon cocoa blended smoothly with an extra tablespoon warm milk, green and pink coloring, crushed or grated pineapple, cherries.

Place gelatine in basin, add milk. Stir over boiling water until gelatine dissolves. Add sugar and flavoring. Divide into 3 portions. Mix



blended cocoa into one portion, color the other two pink and green. Place one quantity into wetted mould; when just set add second layer. When this layer is just set add last layer. Chill until set. Unmould on to serving dish, top with grated or crushed pineapple and cherries. For five or six.

CURRIED RABBIT AND VEGETABLE LOAF

Two cups mashed potato, 1 dessertspoon butter or margarine, 1 grated onion, salt to taste, pinch cayenne, 1 cup diced cooked celery, 1 cup diced cooked carrot, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 cup diced cooked rabbit meat.

While mashed potatoes are still warm, beat in butter, onion, salt to taste, cayenne. Line bottom and

JELLIED VEAL AND HAM LOAF. orange and apple salad, and harlequin jelly blancmange... three colorful, well-flavored dishes to add to your recipe collection.

sides of well-greased loaf-tin, making a lining a good ½ in. in thickness. Combine celery, peas, carrots, place half in bottom of prepared tin. Beat curry powder into sauce, fold in diced rabbit, spread over vegetables. Add balance of vegetables. Top with thick layer of potato. Bake in moderate oven, 350 deg. F., 40 to 45 minutes. Carefully unmould on to serving platter, serve with hot greens. For five or six.

CELERY AND CHEESE RING

One cup grated cheese, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1½ cups milk, 3 tablespoons soft white breadcrumbs, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup cooked macaroni, 1 tea-

spoon grated onion, baked tomato halves, jacket potatoes.

Using a wooden spoon, beat cheese in warmed basin to soften slightly. Using a rotary beater add beaten eggs, salt, cayenne, sauce, milk, and breadcrumbs. Cook diced celery 8 to 10 minutes in boiling salted water. Drain and mix with cooked macaroni and grated onion. Place celery and macaroni mixture into well-greased ring-tin, add cheese mixture. Stand in tin of hot water and cook in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes until firm and set. Unmould on to hot platter, ring with baked tomato halves and jacket potatoes (split, spread lightly with butter, and dusted with paprika or chopped parsley). For five or six.

BAKED CHICKEN LOAF

Two cups diced cooked chicken, 1 cup diced cooked carrot, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red capsicum, 1 level teaspoon grated onion, 1 cup milk, 1 egg or 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, squeeze of lemon juice, 1 cup cooked green peas.

Combine diced chicken, carrot, breadcrumbs, capsicum, onion. Season with salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Fold in milk and beaten egg or egg-yolks. Thoroughly grease a loaf-tin, 8 in. by 4 in. by 3 in., place cooked peas on bottom. Fill with chicken mixture, bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) 35 to 40 minutes. Unmould on serving platter. Slice and serve with egg sauce or, for special occasions, mushroom sauce. For five or six.

Highlight your hair



Lasting Beauty for Lovely Hair

For children and adults there is nothing more beneficial to the hair than regular care with Barry's Tri-coph-erous. This treatment helps prevent falling hair, dandruff, premature greyness, brittle hair and itching scalp.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

FAMOUS HAIR TONIC
Sold by all Chemists & Stores



Relief for Coughs and Sore Throats

To make sure you get scientifically refined, chemically purified petroleum jelly of the highest quality, insist on the genuine VASELINE Petroleum Jelly. It's SAFE because it's PURE.

Staisweet

The Deodorant you can trust

Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are with

Staisweet

SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2/6d. stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to
DERMATOPATHIC INSTITUTE,
711-9 Collins St., Melb., C.J. F36822

ASTHMA CURBED QUICKLY

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health, and weaken your constitution. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts relieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds your vigor so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything, and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to satisfy completely or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee proves it.

For Asthma... Now 6/- & 12/-



ONLY ONE EGG is required for this economy malt sponge filled with lemon-flavored mock cream. See prize recipe below.

Prize Recipe...

Prune and Nut Loaf

FIRST prize in this week's recipe contest is awarded for a prune and nut loaf, which is easy to make—and to eat.

Dates or other fruit may be substituted for prunes.

Malt sponge is a recipe to remember next time eggs are scarce. The malt extract takes the place of at least 2 eggs, and you'll be surprised at the result—texture and flavor are both good.

Springtime is salad time—give your salads a lift by serving a new dressing. Any one of the three dressings suggested by Mrs. G. McCure, another prize-winner, will add variety and flavor to a salad of fish, meat, or vegetables.

PRUNE AND NUT LOAF

Two and a half cups flour, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 3 level teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup sour milk, 1 cup cold prune liquid, 1 cup chopped cooked prunes, 1 cup finely chopped nuts.

Sift together flour, soda, baking-powder, and salt. Rub in shortening. Add sugar. Beat egg, add milk and prune liquid, and pour into dry ingredients, mixing lightly. Fold in prunes and nuts. Place in greased and lined loaf-tin and bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 1 1/2 hours. Slice and butter when cold or spread with softened cream cheese.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Barclay, Elise Court, Flat 2, 131 Curlew St., Bondi, N.S.W.

ECONOMY MALT SPONGE

One egg, 1 tablespoon malt extract, 1 cup hot water, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 11 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Dissolve malt extract in hot water; cool. Beat egg, add sugar gradually. Beat well until sugar is dissolved. Add lemon rind and dissolved malt extract. Combine thoroughly. Lastly add sifted flour and salt, folding in lightly. Pour into two well-greased and lined 7in. sandwich-tins and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 20 to 25 minutes. When cooked and cooled, fill with lemon-flavored mock cream and top with sifted icing-sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. M. Vanderwall, Brimbago Siding, South East, S.A.

SALAD DRESSINGS

Potato Dressing.—Beat 3 tablespoons salad oil, melted shortening, or cream into 2 tablespoons sieved boiled potatoes. Add mustard, salt, and pepper to taste. A little at a time work in 1 tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice. Lastly add 1 teaspoon finely chopped mint. Serve with cooked vegetable salad.

Tomato Dressing.—Sieve the yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs, gradually work in 1 beaten raw egg. Gradually add 3 teaspoons whipped cream, beat until smooth. Combine 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar (or condensed milk), pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon malt vinegar, 1 tablespoon onion vinegar. Gradually add to first mixture and fold in the pulp



PRUNES and nuts flavor this wholesome loaf, the recipe for which won the main prize this week.

of 3 ripe tomatoes. Serve with fish or any green salad.

Utility Dressing.—Beat 1 egg-yolk, gradually add 1 cup condensed milk, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt. A little at a time work in 2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice and 2 tablespoons salad oil or melted shortening. Just before serving fold in flavoring—horseradish sauce, chopped olives, chopped gherkins, capers, vegetable pickle, or chutney. Good with any green salad or if olives, gherkins, or capers are added it makes a good tartare sauce for fish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. McCure, 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.

STEAK PIQUANT

One and a half to 2lb. blade-bone steak (cut in one thick slice), 1 tablespoon melted fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 onions, 1 apple, 1 cup stock or water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon curry powder.

Place steak in well-greased baking-dish. Pour over melted shortening. Sprinkle flour, pepper, and salt over top. Cover steak with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Remove from oven. Cover surface with finely chopped onions and apple. Pour over water mixed with vinegar, sugar, curry powder, salt, and pepper. Cover again. Bake slowly about 2 hours. Serve hot with potatoes and green vegetables.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Percival, Hawthorne Rd., Hawthorne, Brisbane.

SALMON PUFFS

One cup flaked salmon or any other tinned fish, 3 tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, good squeeze lemon juice, fat for frying.

Sift flour and salt and pepper into basin. Make well in centre. Beat egg, add milk. Pour liquid into dry ingredients, mixing with wooden spoon till quite smooth. Fold in salmon, parsley, and lemon juice. Drop spoonfuls into deep fuming fat, fry golden brown. Serve with sliced tomatoes and garnish with lemon wedges and parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. C. Coats, 22 Birch St., Flinders Park, S.A.



BABY: Now you've had a swing at being me, how do you like it?

MUMMY: Honey, does your skin ever get so uncomfortable?

BABY: Often! That's why I bellow for the right kin of skin care... what I need is Johnson's Baby Powder and Baby Cream...

MUMMY: You do? But why both?

BABY: Simple! I need cooling sprinkles of satiny-soft Johnson's Baby Powder to keep me happy all day... Then I need gentle smooth overs with Johnson's Baby and Toilet Cream whenever chafes or skin irritation happen along...

MUMMY: Let me down lamb, we'll swing over right now for some Johnson's.



Johnson's Baby Powder
Johnson's Baby Cream

Johnson & Johnson
PTY. LTD.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS

Cerebros
SALT
PLAIN OR LOGGED

Stuart Crystal



There's a special delight in giving or owning Stuart Crystal. Designed for practical, lasting loveliness, this sparkling cut glass is handmade by English craftsmen. "Look for the signature 'Stuart' etched on every piece.

Stuart & Sons Ltd., Stourbridge, England.

Australia: ● L. J. WAHLERS & CO.,
Tasmania House, Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE.
210, Clarence Street, SYDNEY.

Arnott's

GIVE
THEM
A
BREAK



F A M O U S
Milk Arrowroot Biscuits

The most pleasant break in every school day is playtime and the school lunch. There's a tasty snack then to be enjoyed, so make that snack Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits.

There is no Substitute for Quality!